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TERMS IN ADVANCE

No. 141.

THE FADED ROSE.

BY A. F. M. JR.

Eyes have admired thee
When full in thy bloom;
Glad once hath loved thee
Unheeded of gloom.
Voices have praised thee
Through many an hour,
And proudly had raised thee
A queen in thy bower.
Fond lips have pressed thee—
Thou mem'or so prized!
And soft sighs have blest thee
For one idolized.
Petals once blushed
In dew of young day,
With songs at night hushing,
Have faded for aye.
Perished thy smiling,
Thy bosom of roses;
Thy perfume beguiling,
We so wept to lose!
Sweet was the dreamy draught
Held in thy cup;
So many blisses quaffed,
Dried the spring up.
Sadly we miss thee—
Thy beauty of yore!
Still dreaming we kiss thee,
Though thou art no more!
For memory hath bound thee
To scenes of the past;
Thy 'like them, had found thee
Too precious to last!

A Strange Girl: A NEW ENGLAND LOVE STORY.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "THE WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND
KID," "RED MAZEPPA," "AGE OF SPADES,"
"HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF
NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

HUSH-MONEY.

WITH a face as white as the mantelpiece
to which she clung, Lydia gazed upon the
man in the doorway.

There was a quiet, pleasant smile upon
the features of Daisy Brick, as he surveyed
the girl; a smile that betrayed a great deal
of satisfaction.

But the look upon her face was one of
horror; had he been a specter, newly risen
from the grave, her eyes could not have
stared more intently—her lips have been
more white.

"Good-evening, Miss Grame," Brick said,
removing his hat and bowing in his easy,
graceful way. "No doubt you are astonished
at seeing me here in this quiet country
town. I can assure you I was very much
surprised when you passed me a short time
ago on the street. I recognized you at once.
I have such an excellent memory. I in-
quired who you was, and they told me, Miss
Grame."

"Why have you come here?" the girl
said, quickly, and the hard-drawn breath
that came from between the pearly teeth
plainly told how intense was the feeling
that filled the heart of the speaker.

"Accident, alone, my dear Miss Lydia,"
Daisy replied, with another charming smile.
"Go away at once!" the girl gasped, rat-
her than spoke.

"Go away!" Daisy exclaimed, in a tone
of amazement.

"Yes, your presence is death to me."

"Death!" Daisy's wonder was unfeigned.
"Why, how can that be?"

"Why have you hunted me down?" the
girl demanded, with white lips and staring
eyes.

"My dear Miss Lydia, let me assure you
that my visit to Biddeford had nothing
whatever to do with you. How could I
guess that you were here? What object
have I to hunt you down? I am not a de-
tective officer, nor have I any malice what-
ever toward you. You passed me on the
street—leaning on the arm of a very fine-
looking young man, by the way—I recog-
nized you; what more natural than the de-
sire to call upon an old friend?"

"I do not believe you!" the girl cried,
bluntly. "Your coming here means no
good to me. You are my evil genius. From
the moment that I saw your face dates all
the misery of my life."

"You have learned to hate me then,
Lydia?" For the first time the smile upon
Brick's face faded, and a cold, cruel look
came into his blue eyes.

"Hate? No, no; that is not the word!"
exclaimed the girl, quickly. "I loathe—fear
you; you inspire me with horror. I know
that you mean me some dreadful wrong. I
am helpless, powerless against you. Your
presence makes me mad—wild with fear."

The look of pain upon the white, distort-
ed face of the young girl would have moved
a heart of stone, but it had but little effect
upon Daisy Brick.

"As I have something particular to say to
you, and as the saying of that something
will take up some little time, I trust you
will excuse me if I take a chair."

The young man pulled the rocking-chair
from the corner into the center of the room
and sat down in it. The girl never stirred
from her position by the mantelpiece, but
with the wild look of the wolf entrapped in
the pitfall, glared upon her visitor.

"You seem very comfortably fixed
here, Lydia," Daisy said, after a glance
around the cozy little parlor. "When we
parted, you said you were tired of life and
wished to die. I see, though, that you still
live."

"Because I am a coward," the girl said,



With a face as white as the mantelpiece to which she clung, Lydia gazed upon the man in the doorway.

bitterly. "I have not the courage to kill
myself. I was near death once, but a fel-
low-creature stepped from her path into
mine, and rescued me."

"Why should you want to die?" Daisy
questioned. "A young, beautiful girl, the
blood in your veins full of life, full of pas-
sion," and Daisy laid a strong emphasis up-
on the word. "Life should have many
charms for you. If report speaks true, all
Biddeford is at your feet—and prettier feet
Biddeford could not kneel before. They say
that you are the belle of the town; a dozen
suitors follow your steps, eager for your
smile; yet you are only a poor mill girl."

"My face is my fortune, sir, she said—
And your face is your fortune, my dainty
Lydia; a fortune which I think that I ought
to have a share in, Lydia, my charmer. I
am in that state which expressive men term
'broke,' and vulgar ones, 'busted.' I want
money. I suppose it is hardly necessary to
mention that that is a very common want.
You must help me."

"I help you!" cried the girl, and a hot,
angry flush came over the marble-like face.
"Exactly—don't trouble yourself to
speak. I know what you are going to say.
You'd see me further first, and then you
wouldn't. But you mustn't say anything
of the sort, because you are going to do ex-
actly as I want you to in this affair. This
is just like a romance, you know. I possess
a certain secret concerning you; yield to
my demands, or I speak! Isn't that thril-
ling? I tell you!"

"I do not care whether you speak or
not," cried the girl, hurriedly. "I will not
be the slave that you would make me."

"You don't care for the opinion of the
world?"

"No, I do not!" Lydia said, desperately.

"You do not care for the opinion of Sin-
clair Paxton, either, eh?" and there was a
cruel smile on Daisy's face as he put the
question.

The girl started; her bosom heaved and
the deadly whiteness again came over her
face.

Brick laughed—a low, exulting laugh.

"Oh, what a dear, sweet, innocent child
you are!" he said, in mockery. "You love
this fellow, eh? He has triumphed where
I failed. This cold-blood, icy New Eng-
lander has taken you for all you're worth.
You don't care for the opinion of the world,
but you do care for him. Now I'll speak
plainly. Yield to my demand, or else I'll
interview Mr. Sinclair Paxton, and tell him
some few particulars of the life of the girl
who now calls herself Lydia Grame."

The tone of banter was all gone now, and
brute assurance had taken its place.

"How much money do you want?" Lydia
said, slowly and with downcast head.

"All that you can give me," Daisy re-
plied, bluntly.

"I haven't much."

"I won't take any more than you pos-
sess," Brick said, with an ugly sneer. "and
you needn't look as if you were going to be
killed right off without judge or jury. There
isn't any need of being heroic in this mat-
ter. Make it my interest to keep my mouth
shut, and you are perfectly safe as far as I
am concerned."

"I have only thirty dollars in the world,"
the girl said, slowly.

"Thirty, eh? Well, give me twenty-
five."

"And you will go away?" she asked,
eagerly.

"Yes."

"And never trouble me again?"

"Oh, I can't promise that!" he exclaimed,
with a light laugh. "The secret that I pos-
sess is worth a great deal more than twenty-
five dollars. Suppose I should go to
Sinclair Paxton and say to him, 'I know
all the particulars of the early life of Lydia
Grame; you love her; give me fifty or a
hundred dollars and I will put you in pos-
session of a secret which makes her a slave
to the man who knows it.' Don't you sup-
pose that he would jump at the offer?"

"No," the girl said, quickly; "he would
not use such a power, even if he possessed
it; he is too noble."

"He's a man, and in love with you; few
men in this world who are not idiots once

in their lives when a pretty woman is in the
case," Daisy said, sarcastically.

"Then when this money is gone, you will
come back for more?" the girl asked, slowly.

"No, not that exactly. My head is clear
and my wits good. I would rather trick my
living of the great world of gulls, than force
you to support me with your hard earnings.
But at present I am hard pushed and must
have money. I will be honest with you. I
will not call upon you for aid if I can pos-
sibly do without it."

"Wait a few minutes and I will bring
you the money," Lydia left the room.

Daisy looked after her thoughtfully.

"What course of action shall I take in
this matter?" he asked, communing with
himself. "Shall I let this love affair go on
—let her marry this Sinclair Paxton? By
Jove! the thought is wormwood, for I love
her myself; that is, as much as I can love
any one. But if I let her marry this fellow,
through her I can get at his money. Aha!
that's a magnificent idea," and Daisy rubbed
his hands together softly.

The adventurer judged others by him-
self; he did not for a moment doubt that
the young girl would readily marry her
wealthy suitor.

Lydia's return put an end to his medita-
tions.

In her hand she held a little roll of
bills.

"There," she said, and she gave the mo-
ney into his hand.

"Just twenty-five," he said, glancing at
the bills.

"Yes, and now go!" she exclaimed, im-
patiently.

He rose to his feet, a grimace on his face.
"You turn me out without ceremony,"
he said, moving toward the door.

"Because I can not breathe freely while
you are here!" she exclaimed.

"And yet there was a time—"

"Do not speak of the past!" she cried,
hurriedly, interrupting him. "I have
striven to forget—prayed that the past
might be as a blank to me. For mercy's
sake, do not recall the dreadful thoughts."

"Well, I will bid you good-by," he said,
carelessly. "I may remain in town for a
few days, so you need not be astonished if
you see me. It will be as well that we
should appear as strangers to each other,
for it might lead to troublesome questions
if it was known that we were old friends."

"Friends!" said the girl, with a bitter
accent, and her lip curled.

"You dispute that, eh?" he cried, laugh-
ing; "well, we won't quarrel about a
word; good-by."

His step sounded in the entry, and then
the garden gate creaked behind him.

Lydia sunk down in the rocking-chair;
her strength was all gone now, and a flood
of scalding tears poured from her eyes.

CHAPTER V.

THE YANKEE SKIPPER.

UP on the hill, overlooking the village,
stood the mansion of Peleg Embden, better
known to the good citizens of Biddeford as
"Daddy" Embden.

The mansion was a great, overgrown
structure, with huge Grecian columns in
front, which gave the building more the
appearance of a meeting-house than a pri-
vate dwelling.

The grounds surrounding the house were
elaborately laid out. A tremendous effort
had been made for style. Money, rather
than taste, was plainly evident both in the
mansion and its surroundings. It was as if
the owner of the estate had tried to build a
house which should impress one with the
idea of great wealth at the first glance.

In the sitting-room of the house, which
was magnificently furnished, sat Peleg
Embden and Delia, his daughter, his only
child.

The gas was burning in a drop-light on
the center-table, near which the young girl
sat sewing.

Delia Embden was a little, slender girl of
two and twenty, with a face rather shrew-
ish in its expression; a small, delicate face,
not handsome and yet not plain, for there
was a bright, winning look in the small
gray-blue eyes and a rare charm about the
dainty, thin-lipped mouth. The whitish-
yellow hair, too, which was so neatly and
deftly braided and coiled around the shapely
little head, was strangely pretty; it
matched so well with the white skin, so
wondrous in its pearly purity.

The girl would have been lovely but that
her face was too thin, her eyes too small,
and her nose too large.

But she was pretty in spite of these de-
fects. A nimble-fingered, active, "smart,"
bright New England girl.

She took the whole charge of her father's
household, and many a wise old village
gossip predicted that Delia Embden would
make a real smart wife for somebody.

Peleg Embden sat by the window, gazing
vacantly out into the darkness of the night.
He was a little, withered, dried-up old man,
with a small peaked face, sharp, rat-like
eyes, and a general expression of shrewd
cunning upon his features. He was very
poorly dressed. Biddeford folks said that
"Daddy" Embden was lost in a decent
suit of clothes.

Embden's rise to wealth had been a sud-
den one; and how or where he made his
money was a mystery to all. He had been
the captain of a little coasting schooner
which traded in "truck" and "garden-
sassa," all along the coast from Rockland to
Boston. His home was in Biddeford, and
there his wife and daughter lived while he
was away. His wife, a careful, hard-work-
ing woman, took in sewing, and thus aided
in keeping the home comfortable.

For years "Skipper" Embden had sailed
the Nancy Jane—so the schooner was named,
after his wife—up and down the coast,
but in the year 1864 his wife died, and after
her funeral, Embden and his schooner sailed
out of Saco Pool, and the places that once
knew them knew them no more.

A year passed away, and during all that
time the white sails of the Nancy Jane,
and the withered form of Skipper Embden
standing by the tiller, gladdened not the
eyes of the dwellers along the rocky New
England coast.

Men predicted that the coasting "smack"
and her owner had found a grave beneath
the billows of the Atlantic.

But one bright morning in the month of
June, 1865, just at the close of the war, Pe-
leg Embden made his appearance in the
streets of Biddeford.

To the many anxious inquiries as to
where he had been for the past year, he
simply replied, "after money." Little sat-
isfaction he gave to the questioners.

A few days after Embden's return the
good people of Biddeford made a discovery
which caused them to open their eyes in
wonder.

Peleg Embden owned about fifty thou-
sand dollars' worth of stock in the Bidde-
ford mills; and as the skipper of the Nancy
Jane, a year before, hadn't been worth fifty
thousand cents, the natural question was
asked: "How did Peleg Embden make his
money?"

It soon became evident that Embden was
quite a wealthy man. He bought a site on
the hillside and erected a splendid house
thereon, paying cash for every thing.

Some of the village gossips who had
been intimate with Embden ventured to
ask him how he had made his money.

"He," he replied, with a knowing wink;
but the details of his sudden rise to wealth
he kept to himself.

This reservation did not become a man
who had made his money by honest specu-
lation—at least, so thought the greater part

of the Biddeford folks, and there were not wanting tongues to affirm that Peleg Embden never made his money honestly.

Dark whispers went round of blockade-running between the Virginia capes—of the Nancy Jane carrying medicines, percussion-caps, and other light articles—contraband of war—to the Southern forces. And whispers again told of murder on the high seas, and pictured the Nancy Jane flying the black flag from her peak, and Peleg Embden as the desperate and bloody-minded commander of a gang of pirates, forgetting that the aforesaid smack was only some ten tons burden and that a dozen fair-sized men would have found difficulty in procuring decent accommodation aboard of her.

But one thing was certain: the Peleg Embden who came back to Biddeford was quite a different man from the skipper of the Nancy Jane, who had left it but a year before.

Before, he had been a free-spoken man, with a cheerful word for every one; now, he was reserved and moody. He seemed suspicious of all, started at the slightest noise like a criminal fleeing from justice.

An unhappy, desolate, speechless man was the Yankee skipper.

And now as he sat glaring out of the window into the darkness of the night, he seemed strangely agitated.

Delia sewing by the center-table heard her father muttering, and rising in alarm, approached him quietly, anxious to discover what had alarmed him.

Seated in a low easy-chair, facing toward the window, Embden with a face distorted with pain, was looking out of the casement.

Delia looked in vain for the object which was agitating the old man so strangely. She saw only the great, gloomy wall of darkness, night's mantle which covered in the earth—and through the darkness gleamed, like a golden star, a single light, coming evidently from some lamp placed near a window of one of the houses down in the hollow.

Leaning on the back of her father's chair, she listened to his murmured words.

"The tide turns at nine, Jethro; why don't he come? The light is fixed all right; every thing is safe and—a false beacon-light which leads the vessel on the rocks!" With a sigh of pain Embden threw his head back against the chair.

"What's the matter, father? Are you ill?" the girl asked, kneeling by his side, and looking up into his face.

"Ah, Delia," he muttered, vacantly, and again fixing his eyes upon the gloom before him.

"The signal!" said the girl, in wonder.

"Yes; don't you see it?"

"No."

"The light there?" and with a shaking finger the old man pointed out into the gloom.

"Oh, yes, I see that; it's in some cottage window."

"No, no, no!" cried the old man, hastily; "it's on the point. There goes the signal now—he's waving it round his head three times. Don't you see it move? Now, Jethro, answer it. Vail our light once, then again—that's twice, and that means, all right."

Vainly Delia looked into the darkness; the light moved not; she saw that her father's mind was wandering.

"Can't not see that the light has moved at all, father," she said, gently.

"Your eyes are not as keen as mine; you've not coasted from Cape Cod to the Penobscot twenty years as I have. There's the signal again! Answer it, Jethro!" he said, in feverish anxiety, his eyes flashing. The girl had never seen her father so strangely affected before.

"He's there, but where are they?" he questioned, his eyes still fixed upon the glimmering light. "There goes the rocket!" and the old man was convulsed with emotion in every limb. "He knows now his danger. Hear that shot! They're on him! Up with the anchor, Jethro! Tisn't our fault. Don't h't a sail—let her drift down the river! Oh! Heaven have mercy on his soul!"

Exhausted, the old man sunk back in his chair and closed his eyes, wearily.

"Why, father, how strangely you talk," the girl exclaimed; "it is all imagination. You must be sick. Hadn't I better make you a strong cup of tea? Do come away from the window." With gentle force she raised the old man from the easy-chair and supported him to her seat by the center-table.

"Delia, I've been talkin' strangely, hain't I?" Embden said, suddenly.

"Yes; but you are not well, father," she said, gently.

"Yes, a little sick," he said, slowly.

"Delia, dear, eighty-one thousand dollars is a heap of money," he spoke reflectively.

"Yes, it is, father."

"Kin you reckon what the interest on it is for a year at six per cent?"

"Opiet! it out, Delia; it's payable on demand; mebbe he'll come for it, who knows?" Closing his eyes wearily, Peleg Embden dozed off to sleep, while Delia sat and wondered who the person could be to whom her father owed eighty-one thousand dollars.

CHAPTER VI.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER.

AFTER leaving the cottage Sinclair Paxton walked slowly down the street.

The intoxication of passion was still upon him; the soft perfume that clung like a charm to the person of the young girl, seemed still with him.

Like one in a maze he walked onward. Cool, clear-headed Sinclair was strangely agitated.

"Does she love me?" he murmured; "she is such a strange girl that it is difficult to tell. She would not let me go to-night when she thought that I was pained by her coyness. She gave herself up freely to my embrace although she denied me her lips. Time alone must solve the mystery. I wonder what my father, the deacon, would say if he knew how deeply I am interested in this girl, really a stranger of whom I know nothing? He will hear of it some day, and then there will be trouble. It seems to be my fate to annoy him."

"Hello, Sin, is that you?" cried a well-known voice, and Jerry Gardner advanced through the darkness.

"Yes; taking a walk, Jerry?" the young man answered.

"Wa-al, a little of that an' a little of somethin' else," Jerry answered, slowly.

"Say, Sin, which is your best 'holt,' running or fightin'?" Jerry asked, suddenly.

Sinclair was astonished at the question.

"I really don't know," he said; "why do you ask such a question?"

"Cos there's trouble ahead. Do you know Jed Hollis?"

"The carpenter? I know him; what of it?"

"I s'pose you know he's kinder sweet arter a certain young lady that works down in your mill?"

"Yes, I have heard a rumor to that effect," Sinclair said, quietly.

"Wa-al, Sin, I hope you won't think that I'm pokin' my nose into business that don't concern me, but I have heard that the young lady spoke of jist now, likes some body else as well as she does Jed Hollis, if not a darned sight better, an' of course it's nat'ral that he should go 'arvin' round bout it like a bob-tailed hoss in fly-time."

"Very natural," Paxton said, dryly.

"An' nat'ral, too, that he should threaten for to do all sorts of things."

"Yes; but if I know any thing of Mr. Hollis, he's likely to say a great deal more than he'll do."

"Right, there, by hokey!" Jerry exclaimed, emphatically.

But Sin, he's as ugly as Satan to-night. He's been getting outside of more good old rum than you could shake a stick at in a week. He heard that the young lady was out walking with a chap about your size to-night, and he's been swearin' fit to lift the shingles off a roof ever since. Now he's jist drunk enough to make a break for you, Sin; fact, I think the pesky cuss is layin' in wait for you somewhere; so jist keep your eyes 'round. Jist take a fool's advice an' don't let any one git too close to you in the dark."

"I am much obliged, Jerry, for your warning, but I trust that he will have better sense than to provoke an encounter with me," Paxton said, in his usually quiet way.

"He's cavortin' round wuss than a yaller dog with a tin pan tied to his tail," Jerry said, with a grin. "He kinder thinks that he owns all Biddeford, you know. He's the bully of these parts. Sin, I'd give a hull quarter of a dollar for to have you tan him good, once; might make a pretty decent feller out of him."

"I shall try to protect myself," Paxton replied, not a trace of boasting in his tone or manner, but the light that shone in his eyes and a certain compression of the lips told of danger.

"Wa-al, good-night, Sin; don't let him get the furst crack at you, for the cuss can hit like thunder," and with this parting warning Jerry went on his way.

Paxton passed slowly onward, his mind busy with thoughts of Lydia. Vainly he pondered on the question, "Was he loved?"

The young man went through the village and descended to the bridge which led over the river to Saco. The Paxton residence was on the other side of the river in the old town.

Just as Sinclair came to the middle of the bridge, the moon which had hitherto been concealed behind a dark bank of clouds, came forth and lighted up the night with her silvery rays.

Some twenty paces beyond him, leaning on the parapet of the bridge, Paxton beheld the dark figure of a man.

He recognized him at once. It was the carpenter, Jed Hollis.

With a steady step, as if unconscious of danger, Paxton went on. Hollis never stirred until Sinclair was within six feet of him, then suddenly he raised from his lounging position, and planting himself in the narrow passageway, barred the path.

Paxton halted; had he proceeded he must have trodden Hollis underfoot.

The moonlight shining down full upon the face of the young carpenter, plainly revealed that he was under the influence of liquor. There was an ugly look upon his face which boded mischief.

"Good-evenin'," he said, insolently.

"Good-evening, sir," replied Paxton, taking no notice whatever of the insolent manner of the other.

"Fine evenin', ain't it?" Hollis exclaimed.

"Yes."

"Nice night to go an' see a gal, ain't it, eh?" demanded Hollis, anger sparkling in his eyes.

Paxton's brows contracted slightly, and with his eyes he measured the drunken carpenter from head to foot, but replied not.

"How was she, any way? Did you kiss her when you left?"

"Are you drunk or mad?" asked Paxton in contempt.

"Both!" responded Hollis, fiercely. "Oh! you can't put on any airs with me. I know I'm only a carpenter, an' you're one of the big-bugs; but jist now we're both on our only two men, an' one of us is a-goin' to get thrashed like blazes soon, if not sooner. So jist peel off your coat an' we'll go at it, and the carpenter commenced to take off his coat."

"You intend to fasten a quarrel on me then?" Paxton asked, coolly.

Hollis stopped with his coat half off, and glared at Sinclair for a moment.

"What else should I wait here for you for?" he cried. "We can have a fair shake here. Over this bridge you don't go until you fight me!"

"Why should I fight you? Because you have drank so much liquor as to upset the few brains that you do possess and must quarrel with some one?" Paxton asked contemptuously.

Off came Hollis' coat; the rage of the carpenter was so great that it seemed to almost make him sober.

"I'm a match for you, drunk or sober!" he cried. "You've won my girl away from me, an' if you ain't a sneak you'll fight for her."

"Did the lady ever tell you that she cared any thing for you?" Paxton asked.

"What's that to you?"

"You accuse me of taking her away from you; now, if you never possessed her love, I couldn't well rob you of it," Sinclair answered.

"Oh, curse your arguin'!" Hollis cried, "I can fight better!" and springing forward he aimed a desperate blow at Paxton's face, but Paxton slowly stepped back and with his open palm parried the blow and threw it to one side.

Two, three, four blows the enraged carpenter made, all of them falling on the empty air. Out of breath, Hollis was fain to pause.

"You contemptible drunken brute; I've half a mind to give you a lesson!" Paxton said, sternly.

"You give me a lesson!" howled Hollis, frantic with rage. "Just you stand still and let me smash you!"

"The carpenter made another desperate rush at Paxton. Thick and fast fell his blows. Lightly and easily, as though in the

sparling school, Paxton turned them aside, until at last, losing patience, he drew back his right arm and sent it out with the swiftness of the lightning. The blow landed full on the neck of Hollis, just under the right ear, and sent him spinning round like a top; then dashing in, Paxton seized him by the collar, swung him over the parapet of the bridge, and held him suspended there.

"I've half a mind to let you drop!" he cried.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 140.)

Death-Notch, the Destroyer; OR, THE SPIRIT LAKE AVENGERS.

BY OLL COOMES,
AUTHOR OF "HAWKEYE HARRY," "BOY SPY,"
"HONDISSE, THE SCOUT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

A NIGHT OF TERRORS.

TERROR stricken, Sylvene Gray and Martha Gregory had fled from the bower the instant the Avengers had made their charge upon the robbers, going in a southward direction. Although their hands were bound, they soon gained the cover of the woods and then stopped. By placing their hands close together they were enabled to untie their bonds.

They now hastened on, and not until the shadows of twilight had begun to gather around them did they halt to rest or consider the course they were following—whether it led toward new danger, or toward safety. They at once found that they were entirely ignorant of their course, and felt certain that new dangers would beset their path during the night, or before they could reach a place of security.

"Martha," said Sylvene, "I fear we have not bettered our situation. Those that attacked the robbers were friends, undoubtedly. I think I recognized them as a party of young men who spent a few days at Stony Cliff."

"If we had taken a second thought we might have been saved of all this night's wandering about through the woods," replied Martha, "but I was so taken with the thought of escape that I never considered the consequence of our haste. However, it may be best after all, for those that attacked the robbers may have been defeated."

"That's all very true, Martha, so let us hurry on and get as far as possible from here before darkness sets in. No telling what terrors this night may bring forth. Death-Notch may be in these woods to-night."

They hurried rapidly on. They might have taken bearings by the last faint gleam of the setting sun, but they were too greatly terrified to think of that. They thought only of putting distance between the pirates and themselves.

The twilight soon deepened into darkness, rendering the gloom within the forest almost impenetrable. But the moon soon came up, and although the trees above them shut out its rays from their path, the darkness became mitigated, and they were enabled to move on with less difficulty and fear.

But, already their minds were in a high state of excitement, and at every sound they would start with fear, expecting to see, the next instant, the terrible Death-Notch appear before them. This fear was agony itself, but there was no help for them now. They must breast it through.

They moved on, and at length emerged into a little opening where the moon's rays fell full and unobstructed upon the earth. Their path lay across this opening. They never pause, but press out into the glade which they see is clear. When half-way across it, hoof-strokes break upon their ears. They pause and look about them with a mingled feeling of hope and fear.

From the shadows of the woods they see a horse appear. It is riderless. But it is bridled, and moves not like a horse escaped from its master. It seems to obey the volition of some invisible power.

It is moving at right angles with the fugitives' course. It pricks up its ears and shines slightly at sight of them. But it soon falls back into its former course, as if reined there by that invisible rider.

An old borderman would have suspected something wrong about that horse, but not so with the maidens.

"It is one of the robbers' horses, is it not, Sylvene?" asked Martha.

"It looks like one of them—the one you rode," Martha replied Sylvene.

"I believe I will try and catch it. It has broke away from the robbers, and by obtaining possession of it, we can ride by turns and lessen the labor of our journey thereby."

So saying, she advanced with outstretched hand, calling kindly to the animal. It turned its head slightly toward her and moved on. Martha stepped briskly to intercept it, and when she came within reach of him, she put out her hands and seized the reins; but at this instant her right of possession was disputed—a rider appeared on the back of the animal as if by magic. It was an Indian warrior!

Martha uttered a cry and started back. But she was too late—entrapped. The savage seized her. He lifted her from the ground, and placing her rudely across the withers of his horse, galloped away into the shadows of the woods.

Sylvene realized her lonely situation, and with a shriek of terror she fled across the opening and plunged into the impenetrable darkness.

Poor girl! her situation was terrible now. An agonizing sense of her loneliness was now added to her fears and terrors, and a feeling of despondency came over her. But with light footsteps and heavy heart she hurried on.

Suddenly there was a broad, bright flash before her. She stopped. Her further progress was arrested. At her feet rolled the silent waters of the Spirit Lake.

Half-despairing, the maiden sunk down and covering her face with her hands, gave way to a paroxysm of grief. What should she do? What could she do toward getting out of that interminable wilderness?

Then she endeavored to think. She recalled the fact of Stony Cliff being situated upon the river. A ray of hope was kindled within her breast when she thought that by following the course of the stream, she would reach the village. She arose to her feet. She gazed up and down the river and saw which way it was flowing. Then a cloud of bitter disappointment came over her. She knew not whether she was below the village or above it!

Then, something lying at the edge of the water attracted her attention. It was an empty canoe. She walked down the bank and entered it. She was tired out with walking and concluded to risk herself in the canoe and journey down the river.

Taking up the paddle she headed the craft in the proper course and began her journey, keeping close within the shadows of the east shore.

She plied the paddle vigorously and with no little skill. The little craft went skimming over the water with great rapidity, yet far its size it seemed to draw considerable water, and dip slightly at one end.

The heart of the fair girl began to take courage. She felt almost certain she was traveling in the right direction to reach the village, and, with this hopeful assurance of a speedy escape, she pressed on.

But, suddenly, there came to her ears the dip of paddles. She ceased paddling and listened. True enough, a canoe was ascending the river. She leaned forward and endeavored to see through the gloom, but, all along the shore it was black as chaos. But, out in the center of the river where the moon's rays fell unobstructed, there was a narrow belt of light, and within this she saw a canoe, with two occupants, coming up the river. They were Indians. This she could easily see by the plumes in their heads. They were sitting in the attitude of intense listening, and from this Sylvene judged they had heard the dip of her paddle.

With great presence of mind, the maiden ran her canoe close in shore where the darkness was intense, yet near where a single patch of moonlight, two or three feet in diameter, fell upon the water so bright that all the moon's rays seemed brought to a focus there.

Sylvene could still see the savages. They were moving slowly up the stream, still listening as if in doubt. She felt in hopes they would pass on. But, they did not. Their savage curiosity was arrested and it would have to be satisfied ere they continued their journey.

Suddenly the hoarse croak of a frog was heard, almost under the very prow of her canoe. There was something so shrill and rasping in its notes that it caused her to start violently.

Then she heard a quick flounder, a splash in the water, a low gasp, a dull, sudden blow. She felt her canoe rocked by the waves and gazed intently into the gloom to see what produced those waves. Her blood chilled. A dull, phosphorescent gleam showed her two forms engaged in a silent death-struggle at the very prow of her canoe.

What were they? Were they human beings? Surely they were. She could hear dull blows, a wheezing and gasps.

Beasts did not struggle thus—so silently, so deadly.

Sylvene was paralyzed with terror. She sat motionless and listened to the silent death-struggle. At last her terrible thoughts found involuntary expression in the words:

"Oh, who is it? who is it?"

"Death-Notch!"

The answer came in gasps—like that of a stranger being who had tried to raise his voice to a warning shriek. It paralyzed Sylvene with terror. She could not move a muscle. She sat like one in a trance, a graven image.

The struggling, however, soon ceased and she became as ominously silent as though the spot had never been called into creation.

Then the silence was broken by the dip of paddles. She turned her head and saw the canoe with the savages coming directly toward her. Escape from them, or the terrible young Scalp-Hunter, seemed impossible. There was no avenue of escape open to her. The river-bank was high and shelving.

Driven almost to desperation, she decided to throw herself beneath the waves, rather than suffer unknown horrors or endless captivity.

She gazed down at the black waters beneath her. Her eyes fell upon the little patch of moonlight upon the water.

She started. She saw something float from the borders of the darkness into that patch of light. It was a human face upturned to the heavens and floating just above the surface of the water. Nobody was visible—it was alone—nothing but a white, ghostly face, across the forehead of which there was a streak of blood.

It was a face ever so ghostly, and ghastly, set with the rigidity of pain and death. It remained for only an instant in the moonlight space, then floated away into the darkness. But, it had remained long enough for her to recognize it. It was the face of her lover, Ralph St. Leger!

Her poor heart could stand its tortures no longer, and a cry of terror burst from her lips.

CHAPTER XXVI.
DANGERS INCREASE.

THAT her lover had been slain by Death-Notch, Sylvene Gray had not a single doubt. The head she saw must have been severed entirely from the shoulders, and with face upturned, the ghastly, spherical object was floating away.

Her scream, however, had caught the ears of the two savages in the canoe, and now they were heading rapidly toward her. But she was so terrified—so paralyzed with fear—that she could not move. She believed that Death-Notch was still concealed within reach of her, and that the first movement she made would bring the terrible creature upon her.

She sat motionless. The savages continued to approach her. They are within ten feet of her; then she hears a quick rush in the water, a heavy blow, a wail of agony. Something has attacked the two Indians—has slain one of them! It requires a second thought to tell her what it is. Death-Notch!

The struggle with the savages lasted only for a moment, then all became silent as the grave. The darkness conceals all from view. Sylvene can see nothing of the canoe nor the savages—they have vanished, and gradually her fears give way and hope revives.

Several minutes pass by—minutes of silence, then she ventures to move out from her concealment. But, her canoe moves heavily and sluggish—something is clinging to it! She turns and sees a white, white face peering over the rim of the canoe upon her. She hears the word:

"Sylvene."

The voice sounded familiar to her, though it seemed almost exhausted and despairing. It was Ralph St. Leger's voice she was certain. She was silent with the mingled feelings of hope and terror.

"Sylvene," again repeated the voice, "it is I—Ralph St. Leger."

A cry burst from Sylvene's lips.

It was Ralph, and he was well and alive. The next moment he had thrown himself into the canoe, and, regardless of his plight, folded his sweetheart to his breast, and imprinted kisses of love upon her tremulous lips.

Both were speechless with joy. Neither thought of their last meeting and how they had parted. Love was all-powerful now.

When the first raptures of that meeting were over, each one expressed in words his and her joy of that meeting. Then many questions were asked and answered. The struggle under the cliff Ralph thus explained:

"I was concealed in the water, waiting for the two savages coming up the river. Suddenly I heard the dip of paddles coming down the river, and when you, sweet Sylvene, ran your canoe close in shore, where I was concealed to elude the savages, I knew it was you; and when the frog croaked so near by, I discovered it was a savage concealed under the prow of your canoe. I grappled with him and—"

"Ah!" interrupted Sylvene, "then it was you who spoke the name of Death-Notch."

"Sh, dear Sylvene! I hear a footstep on the shore!" exclaimed Ralph, in an undertone.

They relapsed into silence, but heard nothing more of the footstep. Ralph seized the paddle and drove the canoe rapidly down the stream.

At length he spoke of the many dangers to which they were exposed, and then added:

"Sylvene, it is not far to my home. I will take you there to-night, for you are many miles from Stony Cliff. My dear little sister Vida will be ever so glad to see you."

"Your sister?" exclaimed Sylvene; "then you are not alone?"

"No, dear Sylvene, but since you accused me of being Pirate Paul, I have been worse than alone—I have been miserable."

"Then you did not receive the letter I left in the old hollow tree?"

"Letter? No, Sylvene, I found none there, though I have looked in that tree a dozen times since we parted last."

"I put one there, Ralph, asking your forgiveness. Some one must have found it."

"Then you have become convinced that I am innocent of your charge?"

"Yes, Ralph, and I hardly deserve your forgiveness. But I was misled. The young woman who gave me the ring you saw upon my finger that day said it would be a charm against prairie pirates. She said if any one evinced surprise at sight of it, and made inquiries about it, as you know you did, Ralph, I could set him down as a prairie pirate. And, as Scott Shirley had told me you were Pirate Paul, I thought Miss Gregory's ring confirmed the story."

"Scott Shirley accused me of being Pirate Paul? The meretricious villain! I am satisfied, from letters I found directed to Pirate Paul and written in cipher, that he is Pirate Paul himself."

"Yes, he is, Ralph; this I know, for it was he who carried Martha Gregory and I away. But why, Ralph, did you start so at sight of that ring?"

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"They must be my friends!" exclaimed Fred; "and if they are, I hope they will happen this way; but if they do not, I will have to look them up to-morrow."

"Oh!"

The exclamation burst simultaneously from the lips of Vida and Sylvester, for at this juncture a strange sound rushed athwart the darkness without—a sound that filled the trio with sudden alarm.

"What was it?" passed from lip to lip; but no answer could be given.

Fred arose and going to the door, looked out. All was silent, nor could a living object be seen. He grew uneasy, but he did not permit a look nor word to betray his thoughts or feelings.

They talked on, but were guarded and silent. The dark eyes of Vida looked trustfully and confidently into those of her lover. Each gazed upon the face of the other, and each felt that the other was not deceiving him.

The moments wore on. Ralph did not return. The door stood ajar and the least sound floated in to their ears.

An ominous silence had settled around the place, but suddenly that strange sound broke upon their ears again—a sound like the flapping of great wings.

Fred arose, and taking a rifle, went out into the yard. He could see nothing, and moved out and around the cabin, continuing still outward until he had reached the woods.

Vida and Sylvester sat alone, with wildly-thrilling hearts. Neither spoke; a silence as ominous as death settled around them.

All at once, as if actuated by a single impulse, both of the fair girls turned their eyes toward the curtained recess that Fred had occupied during his illness. Both were sure they had detected the low, suppressed breathing of something, either human or beast, behind that curtain.

They sat transfixed with inmost horror. There was an intuitive foreboding of some awful danger hanging around them. It struck them both as a gust of wind would have done.

They listened with their hands pressed upon their breasts to still their palpitating hearts. They were not mistaken—there was something breathing behind that curtain!

Terror is an awful agony to suffer. It blanches the cheeks, and causes the eyes to dilate, the lips to part and the breath to come hard.

Thus appeared the maidens. They sit with their eyes upon the curtain, unable to cry out, unable to move.

They see something touch the curtain—something darts through it. It is the glittering blade of a long knife. Then they see a downward flash—a ray is cut in the curtain, and they see no more. There is a rush of feet. The light goes out. They are in darkness. The door is slammed violently shut. They are prisoners. And then a yell, that seems to issue in chorus from a thousand throats, makes the night hideous as it echoes and re-echoes in demoniac shrieks through the dark, wooded aisles.

Where now was Fred Travis? where was the young Scout-Hunter? Alas! where, indeed?

CHAPTER XXVII.

TWO VILLAINS' COMPACT.

How long Pirate Paul and his men would have stood and gazed upon Vida T. Leger, enraptured by the sweet melody of her voice and the tones of her harp, there is no telling, had they not been suddenly startled by the report of fire-arms in the direction of the camp. Alarmed, they at once beat a hasty retreat, and reached camp to find it entirely deserted by all but three of their comrades, who lay dead upon the ground.

Their surprise and indignation knew no bounds. Pirate Paul cursed himself for over-permitting so many of his men to leave the camp. He cursed the fair being whose sweet voice he had permitted to draw them away, and swore an oath of vengeance upon her.

That the camp had been attacked by whites, there was no doubt, for the three dead men were unscathed. But while they stood lamenting, with oaths and execrations over their misfortune, in loss of men and captives, a human figure emerged from the undergrowth and approached them. That he was human was all they could make of him, for he was incased in a layer of black mud and dirt from head to foot.

"What the devil is this? Who, or what are you?" asked Pirate Paul.

"I'm Griff Morton, I am," said the doleful figure.

"Friends and allies! How came these men slain? How came you in such a plight? Who did it? Speak, Griff Morton."

The robber narrated the whole transaction—the attack of the Avengers, and his own adventure in the pool, though he turned the tables, and made himself the hero of that conflict.

Pirate Paul ground his teeth and swore with rage—swore that he would wreak a bloody revenge upon the agents of his loss.

In the midst of his fury, an exclamation suddenly burst from the lips of one of his men. He had discovered a party of Indians approaching them, and no sooner did Pirate Paul see them, than a shout of joy burst from his lips, that was answered back by the savages.

The latter were Sioux, the party under Red Elk, with whom Pirate Paul was on intimate terms of friendship.

In a minute the two parties were together.

The three dead pirates at once attracted Red Elk's attention.

"Has Le Subtile Fox had trouble?" he asked.

"Yes; a pack of white hounds, calling themselves Avengers, attacked my camp while most of my men were absent, and slew three of the guard and escaped with two captive white squaws, one of which I intended for you a wife."

"It is bad," replied Red Elk; "the Avengers are cunning. Red Elk set a trap for them, but they were like the wolves that scent danger, and stole away. Death-Notch, too, is in the woods."

"Seen him lately?" asked Pirate Paul.

"But last night he arose from the heart of our camp-fire, as he arose in the council-lodge on the night of the storm, when he fled on the horse of Le Subtile Fox."

"He is a terrible creature, chief; and these Avengers will soon be more terrible than he. They must be hunted down and burned with fire."

"Le Subtile Fox speaks the truth."

"Then let us to work, chief. Shall we go together?"

"What does the white chief say is best?"

"Can you bend two bows as easy as one?"

"Red Elk is strong, but he can bend one bow easier than two."

"Then if we work together we'll be as two bows; we will be strong, and the enemy can not defeat us; but if we go separate, we'll be as one bow—easy bent."

"The white chief speaks the truth. Red Elk is willing to join hands with him."

Then from this moment let our vengeance begin. The settlements must fall if we would reach the strong arm of our enemies."

"Le Subtile Fox should have been a red chief. His brain is quick. His mind is long and reaches far ahead. The white man's wiggams must fall; his horses be ridden away and his cattle slain; then he can not live as the red-man does in the open woods, and by his rifle and bow."

"Then we can begin our work near here. But a short distance away stands a little cabin that I never knew was in existence till to-day. It must be the home of some old trapper. There is a beautiful white squaw there. She would make Le Subtile Fox or Red Elk a nice wife."

"The white chief speaks truly. She is beautiful as an angel."

"Then you have seen her?"

"To-day my braves discovered their wigwam for the first time. A cunning pale-face lives there."

"Did you intend to destroy the cabin and capture the beautiful white girl?"

"When night makes every thing into shadows, then will we strike. While the white squaw sung to her pale-face lover by the creek, four of my braves entered their cabin and concealed themselves. Le Subtile Fox can take the pale squaw for his slave. Red Elk wants only scalps."

"Ab, you mean business, chief," replied Pirate Paul, "and by the time we can bury these dead men, it will be dark-time to work—though I do not see why darkness is necessary for two score of Indians to capture a girl and boy."

"If by waiting for darkness we can save the life of one warrior, it will be well to do so," replied the diplomatic Red Elk.

"Yes, yes, Red Elk, that's all true; but here, boys, let us perform the last sad rites for these poor devils, by putting them under the ground."

It required but a few minutes to inter the slain pirates in shallow graves, hollowed by means of knives and their hands; but by the time it was accomplished darkness had gathered over the forest.

Then these human demons took up their line of march toward the home of Ralph St. Leger.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 136.)

Saved by an Accident.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"MRS. DELMAR!"

She started and looked about. The avenue was hushed into complete silence it had seemed. There were no lights in the tall buildings across the way, but a long gleam of moonlight, gleamed with ghostly whiteness over the stately proportions, and lay alternating with shadows below. She had been quiet, too, framed in the window where she stood, the regal head bowed, the hands clasped, even her breath stilled, as she looked out upon the peace of the sleeping world. Would she ever know such peace—the quiet of content and rest?

Her stillness now was the stillness of restraint. She chafed under the bonds she had imposed upon herself. She turned her face—a wonderful face in which a history was written, but written in a language which no man could understand; a face still as if cut from stone, scarcely varied by flitting expressions, colorless, strong in its self-reliance, with dusky, unfathomable eyes where you caught a glimpse of the unsatisfied craving of the restless spirit held down by that enforced calm of exterior.

"We miss the courteous attentions of a hostess below. Greatorex will sing only if he is accompanied by your magnificent contralto; Maxwell has been making efforts to declaim his own poems, but he lacks the inspiration of your presence; Buell is prosy where your tact makes him sufficiently endurable. Come, the mistress of the mansion must shine in the midst of her splendor—it would be a pity to hide such a glorious light from such appreciative eyes. I am waiting, Mrs. Delmar."

She swept out to the center of the dimly-lighted room with the swinging, graceful strides which, in a woman, always call up the vivid, blood-curdling comparison of a leopardess infuriated, yet covering and submissive in the presence of its master. And this was her master in point of law as well as the pitiless exercise of his inflexible will over hers.

A clock somewhere rung out eleven strokes, and from below came a burst of boisterous laughter, a confusion of men's voices, a snatch of an Italian chorus which would have scarcely borne an interpretation into our plain English tongue, and silence again. A door had opened and shut, and it was into that man's kingdom below she was required to penetrate.

Whiter and harder grew her white, hard face, but a flash like a lurid light was a passion-flame in the depths of those luminous, unreadable eyes.

"It is just an hour until midnight, and I am weary beyond measure. Is there no limit to this exhibition? You should have gone to an Eastern market and bought a Circassian slave at once—apologize to your friends if it is necessary, or tell them that even the most abject of slaves will rebel at times, as you like. If you said nothing they would never observe the single element of hospitality lacking, but I don't expect that much consideration."

"You underestimate my importance. Not one I assure you but has noted your absence and commented upon it; not one but joined in the request for your appearance—and two certainly who are devoted by the discipline of impatience and expectation, until your entrance fills the list of attractions promised them. Greatorex and Maxwell must not be disappointed. To please them, Mrs. Delmar."

"Whatever obligatory weight your wishes may convey, they can have none. To please them or any of those gathered below, I shall not appear to-night."

"Then to oblige me. Don't say me nay, I beg. I should be sorry to exercise my right to command in a matter so trifling."

"Trifling! Oh, my soul! Is it trifling to be dragged into the presence of wicked, scoffing men, who have lost all the purity of manhood? Refined, cultivated

they may be, but not one with untainted sentiments and unsullied character. My portrait is in the drawing-room, Mr. Delmar; exhibit that and the result will be as satisfactory as my presence possibly can be."

"We are simply wasting time—time precious in the sight of Greatorex, inspiration, the very life of poetic sentiment to Maxwell. And to us it is nothing but unnecessary dallying."

With a step of advance and a swift gesture which in itself gave no hint of the cruelly tense clasp of the slender brown fingers closing over the hand which he drew within his arm, and she knew her resistance could be of no avail against his fixed persistence of purpose.

She set her lips close, and one crimson wave stained her face from neck to brow, then let him lead her down the broad stair.

"Bought and sold—body and soul," she thought, in an agony of bitterness and despair. "And if he should give me one word or look of any thing except hatred; if he sought me with any intent except to humiliate me, I would be as much his slave at heart as I am now in act."

She was like marble when her hand still within his arm, she entered the room where a party of a dozen or more, all men, were disposed as best suited their own individual inclination or convenience. Without a waver of her drooping lids or a glance about, she swept to her place at the instrument over which a tall blonde man was leaning. This was Greatorex, who had once been a suitor of the star actress whom Delmar had married.

It was only a story which has been told a hundred times before. She was poor and ambitious, though a star in the profession to which she had been born and bred, which she would scarcely have otherwise chosen notwithstanding the undeniable talent which drew houses and excited enthusiasm as better actresses have done—and poorer sometimes. She had crowds of worshippers, of course. What public favorite that has not?

Greatorex and Maxwell had been among them. Rumor had one time given one the preference, then the other, and at last Delmar, whose personal the gods might have envied, whose possessions man might be pardoned for coveting, whose relentless, bitter animosity when once aroused, was such as might have belonged to an inanimate spirit of evil—Delmar as he was had stepped in to bear off the prize.

The life of the actress had scarcely been an easy one, notwithstanding the favor she had gained, but if the surmises were correct which soon obtained credence in the world her husband's grace—which was the only world she knew now—Mrs. Delmar would gladly have taken up the toil, the drudgery, the meager recompense of the poorest one of her old-time companions on the boards, in preference to the gilded lot of misery she had chosen.

During all her career her character had been spotless. She had escaped even the insidious aspersions which are apt to assail the most innocent when brought in a striking capacity before the public.

But Delmar was intensely and unreasonably jealous from the first. Before his sight white was made black, and the life his wife led was such as might have brought pity into the heart of his bitterest enemy. And yet, with the persistence of a man willfully blind and finding his sole comfort in torturing himself through making her suffer, he found food for the flame of his inordinate jealousy in cultivating the friendship of those men who had been her devoted admirers, in flouting his possession of her before them, in using to the fullest and cruellest extent the curb of his mastery over her.

His eyes were upon her now as she went mechanically through the role he had assigned her. With Greatorex turning her music, his voice supporting her clear contralto, his head stooping once until his blonde beard swept her dusky tresses, Delmar could not but be surprised at a flash upon her cold cheek or a tremor in her magnificent tones.

He gnawed his under lip with nervous fierceness, and dropped the hand which had concealed the act to smilingly beckon a slender, fair-haired youth from the opposite end of the room.

"Can it be Maxwell after all?" he was asking himself. "Such a boy, but women's whims are unaccountable, and these dreamy youngsters are after their fancy. Curse him if he be him!" And there he broke the reflection by speaking to the unconscious object of it.

He could not refuse a recitation, Maxwell. Mrs. Delmar is especially partial to that sort of thing. Perhaps you don't need to be told it, though?"

The poet's dreamy eyes brightened, and he flushed up to the temples.

"I'll be only too happy if she wishes it. I hoped—it was too flattering to suppose she could take any pleasure from those poor sonnets of mine. Have you any choice?"

"Consult Mrs. Delmar, my dear fellow." Glad of the excuse to seek her side, the poet pressed eagerly forward. Delmar turned his back and strained his hearing to catch their words, but for once he had miscalculated. He could only catch an indistinct murmur. He threw a glance back over his shoulder and saw his wife idly penciling the margin of a music-page while she talked courteously to Maxwell, and his blood boiled with reawakened suspicion as he glanced across at Greatorex, and with an almost imperceptible gesture, indicated the page as she pushed it back, dropping another partially over.

Then the silence of attention fell upon the room as the poet's tones broke into some impassioned delivery. Greatorex leaned forward and tore off the margin of the marked page, then sauntered away through a neighboring entrance. Though madly, blindly jealous, Delmar was always discreet. By neither sign nor word did he betray his knowledge of this little by-play, but beckoned a servant who was silently arranging refreshments upon a buffet near.

"Follow Greatorex," he whispered. "He will light a cigar by one of the hall lamps, and you must secure the paper with which he does it, little consumed as possible. Bring it to me at once."

The man came back with a little twisted wisp black at the end. Delmar smoothed it out carefully soon as he had an opportunity. Two or three disconnected lines, burnt across, but terribly suggestive to his distorted imagination.

"I can not endure this life—at midnight if you can—another proof of the true."

Had he known how innocent of any wrong were the missing links which he supplied as his jealous fancy dictated! It had read:

"I can not endure this life another day."

Cover my street at midnight, if you can. We must meet hereafter, but as another proof of the true friendship you have shown me, forget that you have ever known me after this hour."

Greatorex, who had loved her vainly, who knew her better than the man that had won her from him, understood her meaning and honored the delicacy which would not utter a word to betray the tyranny driving her to appeal to him. The task which had promised to be no easy one was rendered unnecessary. Five minutes before the hour struck Delmar touched his wife's shoulder.

"How tired you look! I will not detain you, since I am convinced it would be sheer cruelty to deprive you of further rest."

With a quick glance of doubt and surprise, she bowed silently and withdrew.

With no appearance of keeping surveillance, he never lost sight of Greatorex after that. He was both puzzled and distrustful as the time wore on and the latter made no attempt to quit the room. He had been so sure that a meeting was appointed between these two that an hour had gone by before he discovered that Maxwell was missing. A servant—the same he had set on the track of Greatorex—came gliding up with the news that Mrs. Delmar's maid had found that lady's room empty. Like a flash it came to him that he had been outwitted, but, collected to the last, he made a few words of excuse to his guests, who were not yet thinking of a departure, for these gatherings of his were seldom dispersed until breaking day warned them away.

"He means mischief," thought Greatorex, watching him withdraw. "Pray heaven she may be safely out of his reach."

Greatorex was right. Delmar did mean mischief. Five minutes later he was tearing away on the fleetest horse his own unparalleled stables afforded, over a desolate suburban way, toward the nearest railway station.

There was just a possibility he might yet be in time.

He saw the red lights of the train just quivering into motion as he thundered close on his reeking steed, and in the glare of the lamps within he had a momentary glimpse of his wife's face. She was alone, but a figure, which he felt sure was Maxwell's, stood in the shadow of a rear platform. It was a mad feat he accomplished, one which might be tried a thousand times without once succeeding as he did. He urged his obedient animal close to the moving train, made a flying leap from the saddle, and gained a footing upon the steps. In a moment he recovered his equilibrium, and, with a hand closing on a concealed weapon, he crept close to the slender figure shrouded in shadow.

Close upon the man, who never suspected his danger, but, just as the pistol clicked in his hand, a lurch of the train sent him forward upon his knees. The flash and the report followed, but the ball sped harmlessly—in the interval of less than a second, he had seen the other's face as they passed a side light, and it was the face of an utter stranger!

It was the last sight Delmar was to behold understandingly for long weeks. That lurch of the car, which spared his hand from the stain of human blood, was the first toppling of an overthrow—it was off the track, and overturned in another moment—and among the wounded Delmar alone seemed fatally injured.

He did not die, however, but was hopelessly crippled for life.

Greatorex was at his side one day when he was able to bear companionship. Delmar had not spoken for an hour until he asked, in a whisper:

"Tell me what has become of her? I have been nursing myself to bear the worst."

"Your wife?" Greatorex hesitated, then, unable to command the indignation he felt, broke out, stormily: "You never deserved that much enduring angel. You owe your very life to her. She fairly fought off death from you when every one else gave up hope, and now, since you are in a fair way to recover, she has gone back to her old stage life. She was on her way to renew that, driven to it by your tyranny, when that accident of yours brought her to wear herself to a shadow over you. I hope to Heaven you'll leave her such peace as she may be able to find at last."

The peace which Greatorex meant was not hers, however, but a peace more infinite and happiness more complete than her heart hoped for in life. Delmar's confession was made to her ear only, but all the world bore witness to the reconciliation between them, a mutual understanding and trust, which were never disturbed in the long years after that they passed together.

Under the Spangles.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

PEOPLE seem to have a holy horror of circus actors, and look on them as something terrible, some fearful monstrosity, when the truth is they are just like other people after all.

They have heads and hearts that ache and feel, that love and hate, just as yours do, good madames, who would hardly sleep under the same roof with a "circus girl"; they have feelings just as tender, often impulses as noble as yours; there are just as true-hearted men and women found under the spangles and trappings of the circus as in the most elegant parlors in the land.

Why, look at my Bessie there—just show me a more demure, sedate little matron anywhere, or one who tries to make home happier than my Bessie, and yet she wore short skirts, buskins and spangles, and danced on the tight-rope, and performed on the flying trapeze for years together; in fact, we were both actors until we got married and quit the ring for a quiet life.

You want to hear the romance? Indeed there was none—it was the simplest story in the world—I told you we were just like other folks—but I can tell you, if you care to hear—Bessie won't mind, I am sure.

As for myself, I was left very early an orphan, and did not have a very pleasant home, so I—well, I just ran away with a circus troupe when I was only fourteen years old. I have heard a great deal of the cruelty of circus managers in training their performers, but I've seen very little, indeed, and I never felt any of it. I was willing and active, and in a few years I became the champion bareback rider and gymnast of our ring.

As for Bessie, she was the daughter of an actor—her father and mother were both star performers until they died—so what could you expect of her but to follow their footsteps?

She joined our troupe after her parents died, and appeared on the bills as Mademoiselle Leonora Dare, with a great flourish, but in private life she was only simple Bessie Hill. I could not help admiring her from the very first, for she was a beautiful girl, and a thorough lady in her deportment, as well as a graceful and daring actress, but she was no more to me than any other pretty girl belonging to the company until the time I am about to tell you of.

We were making a stirring tour, with great success, through the Middle States, and Bessie was our best trapeze artist—among the ladies, I mean. She appeared in some marvelous feats on the trapeze with Mr. Harry Burnell, one of our most daring and brilliant actors. Their performance was one of the grand features of the evening, and could not be dispensed with.

And so, when Mr. Burnell sprained his wrist badly, a few minutes after we reached one of the principal towns on our route, the manager requested me to take his place, and act with Miss Hill, otherwise Mademoiselle Leonora Dare.

Of course I consented, and after a few minutes' practice was quite capable of performing any feats which Mr. Burnell did. Our exhibitions professed to be—and generally were—different each time. We did not appear in the afternoon exhibition, but at night our performance came very soon after the grand entry.

Bessie's dress was a tunic of pink satin, glistening with tinsel and spangles, and pink kid buskins with gilt heels; I just gave one glance, saw that she looked very lovely, then I took her hand, and we bounded lightly into the ring, smiling and bowing as we prepared to make the perilous ascent. I went up first, and then, standing lightly on the trapeze bar, Bessie took the rope with a small hook at the end between her teeth, and I drew her thus up beside me.

We went through a daring performance in reckless disregard of the laws of nature and gravitation to the close. Then, while I stood swinging on the lower bar, Bessie began to descend the rope, winding spirally round it, head downward, holding only by one limb to the rope.

Of course I was watching her, and it struck me, as she neared me, that the rope was twisting too quickly. I glanced hastily up—my heart's blood turned cold as I saw that the strands were parting—even as I glanced the rope broke, and there was nothing between Bessie and a horrible death! But, thank Heaven! with a thought and gesture as swift as lightning, which nothing but my long practice would have enabled me to perform, I flung one arm outward, and grasping the suspending rope with my other hand, caught her as she fell, and snatched her close to my breast, her long hair falling like a veil around my bosom and shoulders.

With wonderful courage she did not lose consciousness, but clung to me as I swiftly descended the rope, and the instant we reached the ground she slipped from my arms, caught my hand, waved one salute to the audience, and bounded out beside me, amid deafening roars of applause.

Once in the dressing-room, I felt sure she would faint, but she did not. She only clung to my arm, trembling, laughing, and sobbing, tearlessly, while the actors crowded around us with expressions of sympathy, and was in such an excited state as to render it impossible for us to answer the repeated calls from the audience for some minutes. And then we could only trip into the ring, bow in acknowledgment, and retire immediately, with which, and a promise that Mademoiselle Leonora would appear again during the evening, the crowd were obliged to be content.

It was on the programme that she would go through her second performance unassisted, but just before she was called, she came up to me, and laying her little hand on my arm, she said:

"Mr. Barry, I believe I am nervous, but I dare not go on the trapeze again to-night, alone. Will you act with me?"

"With great pleasure, Miss Hill," I said. "But if you feel unequal to acting, I am sure Mons. Libbey will excuse you to-night."

"Oh, no," said she, sweetly. "I don't want to be excused. The audience would be disappointed, and I shall feel quite safe and cared for with you."

"Then I will speak to Mons. Libbey, and go with you," said I, and I moved away to speak to the manager; the pleading touch of Bessie's hand and voice, and her innocent confidence in me, woke a new and strange thrill in my deepest heart, and as I remembered the pressure of her soft form when I snatched her from sudden death to my bosom, I felt a strong desire to clasp her to my heart again and hold her there forever.

Mons. Libbey was willing and, in fact, anxious for me to go with Bessie, fearing lest her nerves were still somewhat excited.

As I took her hand to lead her out, I pressed it closely in mine, and whispered, "Don't be afraid, Miss Hill. I will guard your precious life with my own, only trust me."

And as she raised her eyes to mine, and whispered back, "I do trust you," I think in that instant we both knew that henceforth we would be all the world to each other.

Well, we went up on the trapeze, but this time the ropes were well looked to, fast and strong and safe. Bessie made her perilous descent in safety, amid great applause, but if the audience could have seen the rapid throbbing of my heart, as I stood below waiting to receive her, and living a year of life in a moment of time, they would have known that human nature and human love are the same, whether under the spangled dresses of the circus-ring, or the broadcloth vests of society-parlors.

Well, that is about all. Bessie and I acted so well together, that I was urged to take Mr. Burnell's place for the whole season, which I was glad to do, because we were happy together.

And when the season was over, finding that we had made enough to purchase a nice quiet little home, Bessie and I were married one night, in the presence of all the troupe. They took us entirely by surprise by presenting us with a handsome silver service, as a testimonial of their friendship, and we hold it as our choicest treasure now.

We left the troupe, having grown very tired of such a life of excitement, and came to this quiet home to find peace and happiness; and I am sure, to see us jogging demurely along now, you would never imagine we began our courtship on the trapeze in a circus-ring.

Saturday Journal

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Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—W. P. O'H. says of the JOURNAL: "I have been taking your paper for eight weeks, and can say that it is the BEST WEEKLY PAPER ever published." A great many people, judging by the letters we get, and the press notices from all sections of the country, think the same.

—Mrs. H. B. C. asks for longer installments of the love stories, saying: "They are so good I can't bear to wait." Doubtless Mrs. C. would be happy to have the whole serial in one issue of the paper, but considering the necessity for variety, and the multitude of tastes we have to gratify, each issue must comprise liberal portions of several serials, besides short stories, essays, poems, etc., etc. We usually give larger installments of serials than any other of the popular weeklies; and besides, having our writers specially instructed as to our ideas of a good story, their romances are usually fully one-third shorter than the same writers would send to other papers, if they were writing for others. This gives great brilliancy and vigor to the narrative, and affords a rapid succession of new serials, which would be impossible if authors were permitted to be "long-winded" and prolix. As brevity in speech is the soul of wit, so brevity in serial relation is the very soul of interest and heightened effect. Hence, our motto: "Short, sharp and incisive," and the result a success unprecedented in the history of popular journalism. Serial writers expecting to gain admittance to our pages must bear this in mind. We prefer a serial of twelve or thirteen installments to one of thirty, and yet expect the intrinsic excellence of the long serial in the short one.

—The Postal Card System, not yet introduced—will not prove a vast success, we surmise, because it utterly destroys all privacy in correspondence. A mere business order may be made on an open card, but even such orders the business man does not care to have read by every one. As to family correspondence by these cards, that is quite impracticable. Our rates of postage are too cheap to induce even a beggar to write on an open page, in order to save two cents. The cards will be used chiefly in cities, in passing inquiries, making orders, etc., but, as a system, it will not be popular, nor can it be remunerative to the Government.

—We certainly have no objections to ladies and gentlemen dressing as they please. If a young Miss of sixteen wants to look like a ballet-dancer when she parades the streets, it is her own, or her parents' business; or, if the same young lady prefers to dress in sober black and to wear a Sister of Charity hood, that is her own business, too. But, what is right personally, may be a wrong as applied to the mass—that is, if it costs outrageously to dress à la mode, is settling a bad example for persons of moderate means to ape the style of persons of large incomes. We know of women whose husbands have only moderate, or quite small salaries, yet who dress as if their income was at least five thousand a year. Of course there can be but one end to such folly—bankruptcy or crime. The right to dress is a private right, but it is not so personal and reserved that any one has a right to set a bad or foolish example. Hence, while we may not deny any lady's right to her diamonds, laces, furs and silks, we do question her privilege either to dress beyond her means, or to set an example for others to follow which will prove pernicious.

The amount of a man's wit and learning by no means indicates his usefulness, since it is a fact that some of our veriest vagabonds are scholars, in the true acceptance of the term. We know, for instance—a German who is master of seven languages—has traveled the world over—has been the companion of eminent men—and yet he is, to-day, a walking bundle of rags, and will sing an obscene song for a glass of lager.

A case equally bad, perhaps worse, is that of the Irishman, Mortimer, whose recent death in a London hospital and burial in a Potter's Field, has been announced. He was master of at least a dozen modern tongues. In his youth he had been cabin-boy in an Atlantic bark, and subsequently became a medical student in Paris, but had to leave it on account of his connection with the June insurrection of '48. He was a very strong man, and utilized his strength by taking an engagement as a Hercules in a circus in Australia. By turns he gave lectures on Shakespeare through Germany, was a Greek professor at Hamburg, had a troop of Spanish ballet-dancers in Holland, and was the companion of Sir William Don, the baronet-actor, in his wildest continental frolics. In his time he had been tutor to Charles Lever's children at Florence. He came to the surface one day in the employment of Tom Thumb; another in the company of Murphy, the Irish giant, who was a distant cousin. He had been in London since the Franco-Prussian war, which ruined him in fortune.

The lesson of such lives is self-evident—the greater the waste of attainments the more melancholy the life. A person's responsibilities really increase with the growth of their mental possessions, and he who not only makes no good use of attainments but prostitutes them to ignoble uses is equally an enemy to himself and to mankind. The young man with little learning, who makes good use of his faculties, is far more to be admired than he who, with much learning, makes a poor use of what he knows.

AN ADVERTISEMENT.

Did you ever look over your newspaper, kind friend, and read the strange advertisements therein? Singularity in some of them has often set my brain to thinking, especially those commencing with, "Whereas, my wife has left my bed and board, I

hereby forbid any one trusting her on my account," etc. I wonder why she did such a thing, and which of the two was the most to blame? It doesn't strike me that it is human nature for a woman to leave her husband without sufficient cause. When the man penned that advertisement, could he have forgotten the bygone days, when she, whom he was now exposing to the gaze of the crowds, was once his all-in-all? In the bygone halcyon times, had you told him that his marriage would lead to such a result, he would have said you were mistaken, if you were a woman, and would have knocked you down if you were a man.

Now, all this is forgotten; he can not remember that he ever loved her—that a word from her caused him happiness, or a tear gave him sorrow. Yes, and his memory is not good enough to bring to his remembrance how careful he was of her lest she should take cold, or the time she was so sick, when he knelt by her bedside, and fervently prayed for her recovery. That is all blotted out, and she may wander about the streets barefooted and die in the poor-house for aught he cares.

I am not going to exonerate the woman far from it. She may be far more to blame than her husband. Man is a rough sort of being, necessarily so from his contact with the great world, and a tender word from a woman has an immense power and influence over him; yet, does she always use it?

I will make no broad statements, but will merely relate a case that came under my own observation, and I know it to be true.

As good a young fellow as ever lived married a girl whom he loved as dearly as his own existence, and the earlier portion of their married life was extremely happy—so much so that they were the envy of others. Business failed; the young man wandered the streets daily in pursuit of work, yet without avail. He was sad and despondent. Now, his wife, instead of trying to cheer him up, exclaimed: "I do wish, Richard, you would get something to do, and not waste my very life out with this moping. Didn't I leave a good home to marry you? I can not live upon air; I haven't been accustomed to it."

What was the use of his telling her that he had tried hard for work? She would have added that there must be work of some kind to do. One word led to another, and she went home to live with her father, where she remains to this day. That all comes from her fretful and complaining disposition.

In another case, the husband was all to blame, for he was always snapping and snarling, and so mean and miserly that his wife shivered for want of good and warm clothes, and was almost starved to death. When she left him, he was magnanimous enough to advertise her, and nine out of every ten who read the warning blamed the woman, and allowed the man to go free.

When you marry, remember that your partner has as much right to an opinion as you have. Bear with each other the burdens of life; put away all peevishness and live for each other, and you'll save your advertising bill.

When a woman leaves her husband to run off with another man—then she deserves to be advertised, and I don't blame her husband one bit for doing it.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Another Letter from Dr. Livingstone.
ULJI, Nov. 15, 1871.

MY DEAR WHITEHORN: Through the kindness of Mr. Stanley's express, I am enabled to communicate with you, who, I have no doubt, are by this time the President of the United States, and will be glad to hear of your constituents in this part of the world. They are not, as you may suppose, white. The only way you can get an idea of their complexion is to take 75 parts of lamp-black, 10 parts of pitch, 10 parts of ink and 5 parts of stove-pipe soot, and mix them together on some dark midnight, and then look at the compound through a piece of smoked glass or with your eyes shut. You can make a pretty good guess then.

They are called the "Lost Tribes of Africa" from the fact that every traveler among them has lost every thing he had, and occasionally his life, at their hands. Their hair is cut off the same piece of their complexion, and is not straight, as you imagine, but so kinky that if a comb should accidentally get into it, it would have to be taken out in sections, and it is greased and scented with butter which Sampson himself couldn't wrestle, and warranted to knock a man down fourteen times before he can ever get up once. The consequence is they are terrible in war.

In battle they form their lines and instead of charging bayonets they charge beads, and rush at each other with terrific force. It is a striking scene, for each man is a regular battering-ram. They never injure their heads, but they often have their limbs jarred off in this way.

Their mouths hide the largest part of their countenances, and when one gazes upon a man of this tribe he is reminded of a large, dark, and very little of his body. Indeed, their mouths are the largest vacuum ever left by nature. If any one in the Makolola tribe has feet less than twenty-six inches long he is doomed to die, so, if a man is lying down you would imagine he was standing up, on a cloudy day.

They are purely honest, and would sooner have their heels cut off than to steal an ox of their neighbor who hadn't one to steal; and they are such tender-hearted and humane people that I never saw one of them go to kill his grandmother that didn't first pat her on the head and affectionately shake hands with her.

The females do all the work while the males are engaged in the pursuit of sleep, and they think almost as much of their wives as they do of their dogs.

They are splendid tradesmen, and no matter how close the man is they trade with them they always get a reasonable price for their children, which are about their only stock in trade, and there is not a man among them, I can affirm, who would be mean enough to part with his beloved wife for any thing less than a piece of red calico—they would scold to part with them reporters writes to the *Ugiji Weekly Thipannagig* thus fashion.

"The costumes for the present season promise to be very recherche, and a little more of it than the last season, by the addition of an extra stripe of white over the eyebrows, cut bias. Two rings in the nose will be the rage among the ladies, and their teeth will be filled to sharper points than ever."

"Pointed sticks will be worn through holes in the upper lip as usual, but will be longer and larger than heretofore. There seems to be one or two ladies who affect the extreme in style, who will augment their costumes by wearing a patch on the left cheek, but they are looked upon with derision by every body who hates extravagance. All the better class of ladies are having their left ears cut off, which is very unique, and is considered perfectly stunning. The more wealthy females that can afford it, have the right eye gouged out and three fingers out from the left hand. A few who are not so economical go further and have their heads shaved close, but we must say, this fashion won't have many followers."

"The gentlemen will be clothed in a little more paint this season than usual, and a few will go so far as to have their fingernails cleaned and their faces washed with water, but the majority will merely rub their faces with beef-fat, and the more flies they carry with them the better."

"On the tables of the refined, human out-lets will be the prominent dish; lizards and snakes for the second course, and grasshoppers for the dessert."

"They do not know the luxury of boiled soap, and when I presented the king of Kisawahitis with the only cake but one that I had, he was so pleased that he offered me thirteen of his wives, which I declined. He ate it up."

The men are very brave, and not more than fifty of them will run from one white man. Their prisoners in battle are excellently quartered—drawn and quartered, and afford excellent food for conversation and eating. They are such harmless creatures that they won't kill an ox, but tenderly cut their steaks from the living animal while it runs about in the enjoyment of health, and so they keep on cutting pieces of it until there is nothing left but the skeleton to browse around."

The people of Unyanyembe live altogether on the delicious fruit, surmamed wild onions. At Manyema the elite of the city could be seen of an evening taking their airings on prancing oxen, while the king's turn-out consists of a rail on the shoulders of two men. This king signs his name to state documents by putting his dirty foot on them, and it may be said his signature is very legible. He blows his nose on a boot-jack, and was so glad to see me that he wanted to eat me up on the spot. He doesn't keep a tailor, however. When presented him with a paper collar, turned, he arrayed himself in it and seemed quite happy."

What strikes me the most is, the people don't wear stockings—in fact, they go barefooted and think nothing of it. I would be ashamed of themselves. Can't you send them some neckties, which they stand in great need of, and a ship-load of ice-cream? and a quantity of musketo-bars to clothe them?"

The mercury to-day is 299 in the shade; brass buttons melt, and I subscribe myself, Warmly yours, LIVINGSTONE.

Woman's World.

Women in the Tea Trade.—Vapor Sloves and Gas Suits.—The Embroidery-Machine and Bow-die Suits.—Answers to Correspondents.

WHILE looking over the bill of fare at one of our most elegant and fashionable Broadway restaurants a few days since, my eye was arrested by the words "Mandarin tea." I smiled, for that single item on the bill of fare evoked a visionary "WOMAN'S WORLD" of a very different character from that I have tried to insist was the true sphere of the sex.

No one will dare to say that that adventurous and excellent woman, Susan A. King, who penetrated and traversed the Celestial empire in quest of the real Mandarin tea, found it and brought back a cargo of it to this western world, placing the control of its sale in the hands of working women, has thrown herself out of the Woman's World by that most unusual exercise of a woman's right to do the duty which seemed nearest to her.

While Anna Dickinson, with her golden oratory, is thrilling the political pulses of the hour with the question, "Is the war ended?" an enterprise is going quietly on that makes Wall street stare, and attracts the attention of the most ardent admirer of her capitalists and business men.

A beautiful bark of four hundred and forty-eight tons, bearing as her figure-head the bust of "MADAME DEMOREST," the lady President of the Woman's Tea Company, loaded at Pier No. 9, East River, foot of Wall street, with a cargo for Australia, spreads her white wings, and is now on her way to China, via Sidney, and will return with a cargo of Mandarin tea, exclusively for the Woman's Tea Company. This ship was purchased, paid for and fitted out by the capital of the company. These facts speak for themselves more eloquently in woman's defense, when circumstances draw her, in the discharge of duty, out of the home circle, more than volumes of written matter.

To turn from this outside view of the "Woman's World" to the inner one, I will call the attention of housekeepers and mothers to a beautiful little portable vapor stove I have seen cook a complete meal, without wood or coal; doing the whole business of baking, roasting, broiling and stewing; making no smoke, no smell, no ashes, nor dust, at an expense of about one cent an hour. It burns naphtha, can be lighted in a moment, and is as easily extinguished. It can be carried from one room to another while burning, and in hot weather can be used out of doors.

Another novelty of the passing moment is that of the "Toilet Smoothing-iron," an invention which furnishes an ordinary sad-iron, which can be brought into effective use without the necessity of a coal or wood fire, or the expensive gas-heating stove, such as is generally used for this purpose. It is made hollow; can be placed over an ordinary gas burner or common lamp, and, being heated from the inside, it will not soil or smoke the finest fabric.

As these irons are nickel-plated, they never rust. They are of several sizes, costing from one dollar to three dollars apiece. Gentleman use them for smoothing their hats; ladies find them invaluable for toilet purposes, when in a hurry to smooth their pines, ribbons, or fine handkerchiefs, scarfs, etc.; while in the sewing-room they are invaluable.

Those who love to see their little ones' garments covered with embroidery will be pleased to learn that an embroidery machine has been invented and patented in Europe and the United States. It works with any kind of thread, on any material—tulle, muslin, cambric, cloth, woolen, cotton and silken fabrics, and leather. It is one on which the most intricate designs can be executed without turning the material, as it is fed by a "universal feed motion," which works in any direction. The operator does not even touch the cloth, and the machine runs at a rate per minute of six hundred stitches by hand, and twelve hundred by power.

Among the costly and pretty things brought out especially for ladies who can and ought to afford such a thing, is a "Boudoir Safe," which is an elegant piece of furniture on a highly ornate pedestal, intended to stand in the dressing-room, and which every lady who wears diamonds and costly jewelry should have, as a protection for her valuables against sneak-thieves, dishonest servants, or workmen sometimes employed in the house.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EFFIE B. Jet is very fashionable this winter. It is not used in heavy, massive designs. Delicate sprays, flexible cornets and seeded passementerie, and fringes, are all favorites.

NINA F. Real Whitty jet sets, including bracelets, can be purchased from \$16 upward. Shell sets, real, \$18 and upward. Plain gold, late styles, pin and earrings, from \$30 to \$200, and all intermediate prices. Cameo, turquoise and coral are all fashionable. Pink coral is considered the finest and best. Those sets of very light pink, with each article carved out of a single piece, can be purchased from \$30 upward. Showy sets of deeper color from \$20 upward. Malachite sets command \$35 and upward. Earrings continue to be worn large and heavy; the favorite designs are in large hoops or oblong rings. Some pretty star-shaped sets are also shown, and bid fair to be very popular.

EMILY VERDERY.

Short Stories from History.

Loss of the Eneas.—If the coast of Newfoundland could speak it would have some sorrowful tales to tell of disaster, suffering and death. One of the ships lost there, named the Eneas, was for a long time the subject of story and fireside tales. This ship, a transport, with three hundred and forty-seven souls on board, struck on a rock near the coast of Newfoundland, on the 23rd of October, 1805, at four o'clock in the morning, when she received so much damage, that her total wreck became inevitable. On the first alarm, the women and children clung to their husbands and fathers, until a tremendous wave at one "fellswoop," buried two hundred and fifty of them in the ocean. Thirty-five of the survivors were floated on a part of the wreck to a small island about a quarter of a mile distant, but not an article of any kind was saved from the ship. After passing one night on this little island, they constructed a raft, which enabled thirty of them to reach the main land. Four of the seamen had died; and another, who had both his legs broken, was missing, as he had crawled away from his comrades, that he might die in quiet. Eight days afterward he was found alive, though in a shocking state, as his feet were frozen off; but he lived to reach Quebec some months after. The party finding that they were in Newfoundland, and, as they supposed, about three hundred miles from the town of St. John's, set forward, and directed their course toward the rising sun. Three of the men were unable to walk from bruises; and at the end of the first day Lieutenant Dawson, of the 100th regiment, became incapable of keeping up with the remainder. Two soldiers remained with him, and they toiled onward at a slow pace, without any food, except the berries which they found. Lieutenant Dawson was soon unable to stand; and he entreated his faithful attendants to make the best of their way, and leave him to his fate. This they did with great reluctance; and not until, as one of the poor fellows said, "they did not know whether he was dead or alive." The two survivors continued wandering in a weak and feeble state for twelve days longer, when they were found by a man belonging to a hunting-party; who, little expecting to see human beings in that desolate region, took them for deer, and had leveled his gun at them, when his dog leaping toward them, began to bark, and discovered his master's error. When they related their shipwreck and the sufferings they had endured, tears stole down the cheeks of the huntsman; who taking the moccasins from his feet gave them to these poor men, and invited them to his hunting-cabin, saying it was only a mile off, although the real distance was at least twelve miles. By degrees he enticed them to proceed; and at length they gained the hut, when four or five men came out with long bloody knives in their hands, to the great terror of the soldiers, who supposed they would be immediately butchered and ate up. They soon discovered their mistake, for the men had been cutting up some deer, for the fruits of their chase; and on learning the misfortunes of the soldiers, they brought them a bottle of rum, which refreshed them very much. The generous hunters ministered every possible comfort to the unfortunate wanderers, and set out in quest of the remainder of the crew; but only succeeded in finding the poor fellow who remained the first day on the island, and two others, who were unable to leave the shore. These five were all that could be found out of the thirty-five who survived the wreck of the transport; and were the only persons remaining out of the three hundred and forty-seven who were on board when the vessel struck on the rocks.

Agreeable Surprise.—The galley Fanny, commanded by Captain Blakely, was in the year 1747 chased by a French privateer off Rotterdam, which ran upon the Flats, where she was beat to pieces. The French made all the signals of distress; but Captain Blakely having only nine hands, and seeing two boats put off, one of which was very large and full of men, he did not at first go to their relief. The large boat sunk, and there appearing only eleven men and two women in the other, he lay by, and let them come up to the galley; when, to his great surprise, he saw his own wife, who had been taken four days before in a collier, bound to Rotterdam, where she was to meet him. The privateer had one hundred and five men, who all perished, except the ten that saved.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully repaid to postage.—No MSS. reserved for future editors.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only when stamps accompany the enclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a postage marked as "book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, leaving off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection, by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We will find room for "A Musical Prodigy," "Saved by an Accident," "The Bank Clerk's Crime," "A Manchette Story," "Yesterday and To-day," "A Cry of Evil," "Mistaken Kindness," "Soul Slavery," "Tell Me," "After the Ball," "All Alone," "Overshadowed."

Those MSS. in hand not reported on will receive early consideration. We try not to let matter submitted accumulate.

The following are respectfully declined: "Tom Brown's Fortune," "The Catfish's Fate," "A Ballad of Ballade," "Old Hawkins, the Keeper," "A Rare Bird," "Trunks," "A Money Bank," "Lettice, the Lame Girl," "A Widow's Wiles," "No To-day, no-morrow, neither of the McLeods," "No To-day, no-morrow, neither of the McLeods," "A Kespoke of Wood," "The Finer's Escape," "A Flight of Stars."

CELIA S. V. S. We can not write, especially as you include no stamps.

MAN BURGESS. Never address a young lady as madame; nor write to a lady without her consent to a correspondence. You of course can ask that consent by letter.

DEATH-NOTICE. Washing your hands in warm water frequently, with glycerine soap, will make them white.

S. C. U. Our club terms are given in the business card at the head of the first column of this page. No blank form is necessary in case of new subscribers. The paper itself is the best thing to use to show subscribers. To clubs of ten we supply the Journal at two dollars each, and to clubs of twenty at the regular rates, your commission is then very liberal.

NELLY L. Some of your queries in regard to jewelry are answered in the "Woman's World." We may add, *bogus* jewelry is vulgar. We know it has been fashionable to wear cheap "sets," but brass is brass, and the best make appears as gold is a false pretense which deceives no person of sense. Wear real jewels or none, is our motto.

V. G. We can not give you the processes of photographing. The details are, however, by no means abstruse or hard to adopt. Go to some good photographer and learn by practice how to take pictures. The art, at some near day, will doubtless be so simplified that every person can "take pictures."

HENRIETTA. We know that a good Geneva watch is a capital timepiece; but numerous watches sold, as of the Geneva Watch Company's manufacture, are almost wholly worthless. Never buy a watch of an irresponsible party. Regard flourish on the credit of some people.

A DEER CLERK wants to know if clover are fruit or flower, or seed. They are the *unopened* flower of a small evergreen tree that resembles in appearance the laurel. It is native of the Alps, or Spices Islands, but has been carried to all warm parts of the world; and it is now cultivated in the tropical regions of America. The flowers are small in size and grow in large numbers in clusters at the very end of the branches. The clover we use are the flowers gathered before they are opened and while they are still green.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER asks if it is true that marriages sanctioned on Sunday are illegal, or that a minor marrying without the parents' consent is not married in law. In the United States, where the marriage is perfectly "legal," and all children born of such alliances are legitimate. Otherwise the country would be full of illegitimate children and daughters. The law courts of New York have, indeed, gone so far as to announce that, if a man lives with a woman and calls her his wife, she is his wife in law, in the strictest sense of the law, and agreements which must satisfy the most advanced "reformers."

FOR. If you must resort to hair wigs, be careful not to use those compounded ingredients which may injure the hair. The following you will find a good recipe, and not at all injurious: Half a pint of alcohol, two ounces castor oil, and one ounce of pure camphor, one-quarter ounce of spirits rosemary.

HOUSEKEEPER. It is too frequently the case that inexperienced and amateur painters, who use window-glass with paint, but you can remove it by a small swab dipped in a little diluted oxalic acid.

MANUFACTURER. Good soap will keep for ages, for in the ruins of Herodotus, and in the ruins of the world, was found in a good state of preservation, after having been buried over 1700 years.

QUEEN. Over-skirts are not now fashionably worn with waists altered. They are, however, worn by Mary F. G. Short hair should be arranged in French puffs. Your long hair can always be satisfactorily arranged by braiding.

BUILDER. The five "Orders of Architecture" are Gothic, Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian, and Italian Composite, Renaissance, etc., are not orders but styles, combining the forms and principles of several of the orders. There is no American style, much less an order. We must imitate, and after awhile. Our architects sometimes make a wretched botch of their work. We have in this country some of the ugliest looking buildings any civilized country ever had.

READER. The real name of the person who wrote "Strathmore," and whose novel is *Quilts*, is Mademoiselle de la Roche, a French noblewoman, exceedingly popular in literary social circles in England and on the continent.

MATHEMATICS. Do not wear sham jewelry, for it is exceedingly vulgar. A chain made of bones or will do instead of bracelets, and look far better than a band of "glit" or oriole.

FARMER. You should certainly take a weekly paper, one on each political side, so as to draw your own conclusions regarding matters and things in which you are most interested. Also, subscribe to some magazine or literary paper, for the proper kind of light reading can injure no one.

BUTLER. Plates are not "turned down" nowadays except in hotels, boarding-houses and restaurants. BEAUTY. Scarf sashes of tulle, ribbon, silk and crepe de chine are always fashionable and stylish, and form a pleasing addition to toilet, especially those of young girls.

JANET. Very good and nourishing food for a baby is rice, prepared as follows: Boil rice in cold water; strain; add fresh water to the rice; let it simmer till it will strain through a sieve; can put milk and pulp and sugar in the sieve, and let it simmer for a quarter of an hour, adding some fresh milk.

M. O. L. Crepe de chine neckties, embroidered with dots, and edged with lace, are now very fashionable, and indeed very pretty.

NOTICE. To make the floating island of which you ate at your friend's and like so much, mix three half pints of thin cream with a quarter pint of raisin-wine, a little lemon juice, orange-flower water, and sugar. Put this cream into a low dish, and put on the cream a rich ruff, made either of raspberry or currant jelly.

STUDENT. The highest mountain in Europe is Mont Blanc, in Savoy, which is 15,872 feet above the level of the sea. Diawachgeri, Nepal, which is 28,462 feet above the level of the sea, is the highest one in Asia. The highest in Africa is Atlas, which is from 10 to 18,000 feet, and the highest in America is Chimborazo, Quito, which is 21,441 feet above the level of the sea.

MINNIE. You can trim your fine French chip hat with light blue ribbon. Make a large bow in front, and a smaller one with long, flowing ends. Fasten the ribbon with a large bow, and a wreath of roses and a little foliage. Bind the brim with blue velvet.

YOUNG SOCIETY MAN. Men who associate habitually with women are always superior to those who do not. By associating with women, men lose their petulance, rancor, declamatory, or sullen manner; and those women who are accustomed to eat and at the society of men, are always superior to their sex in general; they lose their frivolity, all their intellectual faculties are awakened. Therefore it is both right and improving for men and women to mix in society.

MOTHER. Before you allow your daughter to take singing lessons, ascertain if her lungs are diseased, for, if they are, it will probably excite additional lung trouble; but if they are in a healthy condition the lessons will be of great service to her, as singing improves the pronunciation, enriches the voice for conversation, strengthens the lungs, and wards off many of her diseases.

SCHOLAR. All words of one syllable, ending in a consonant, with a single vowel before it, double that consonant in derivatives, as, sin, sinner; ship, shipping; big, bigger.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

NO MORE! NO MORE!

BY ST. ELMO.

The seer leaves lie in countless show'rs
Upon the with'ring lap of earth,
While faded are the forest flow'rs,
Sweet scions of the winged birth;
No more their perfumed lips shall sip
The crystal dew-drop's fragrant breath,
But frozen tears will rudely sip
Althwart their features, pale in death.

The little birds whose joyous notes
First woke the drowsy from his sleep,
Those little warblers whose fair throats
Sweet vigils of the morning keep—
Have spread their wings and flown afar
To climes where southern zephyrs blow
To rise and greet the morning star
With music's soft and mellow flow.

The grim old forest clothed in fire,
With here and there a greenish flame,
In gaudy-colored rich attire,
A picture seen in Nature's frame;
But soon disrobed, their garments lie
In fragments on the gloomy earth,
While far above, the leaden sky
Looks down on them with solemn mirth.

Ay, soon, too soon, stern Winter's king
Will raise his scepter high once more,
And frozen chills will bring
To drape the hills and valleys o'er;
But soft-browed Spring with gleeful voice
Will snatch him from the ice-bound throne,
And then all Nature will rejoice
To see the haughty tyrant gone.

Her Reward.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

ROY CARNOVAN and Alice Wayne sat down under the apple-tree by the gate, in the June afternoon, and talked together. The sun lay over the wide, green meadows in yellow splendor. Crimson clover blooms nodded in the wind, and paid tribute to the day in incense sweeter than myrrh. Robins twittered to each other overhead in the leafy branches, about their nests and the prospective cherry crop most likely, and the blue birds sailed up and away through the soft air, with a trill of song bubbling out from their little throats. It was a beautiful day; a day for love to work its spell in, on young and happy hearts, and Roy Carnovan and Alice Wayne felt the influence of the scene, as they sat there under the apple-tree, in the summer-sweet weather, and talked together earnestly.

"And so you think you love me well enough to make me your wife?" she said.

"I do not think; I know," he answered. "You do not doubt me?"

"No, I do not doubt you; you are sincere in your belief that you love me; but have you thought the matter over well?"

"I haven't thought any thing about it, only that I love you," he answered. "What need is there to think more about it?"

"There are many things to think of," she answered, slowly. "Marriage is not for a day, nor a week, but for a lifetime. I am older by two years than you are. I am different from you in many ways. Do you think you could love me well enough to overlook my faults, and that you would never regret linking yourself for life to such a shy, plain thing as I am?"

"I love you," he said, in a lover's impatience. "That answers all your questions, and puts all further argument out of the way. If you love me, as I care for you, you will trust me, Alice. You remember what Tennyson says:

"Trust me! I am in all, or not at all."

"I will trust you," she said, and put her hands in his.

He kissed her tenderly, believing that he could never be unworthy of her trust, and that was their betrothal.

"I remembered that you told me once, dear friend, that I might always look to you for help, if I needed it. Our friendship was a strange one. You were hardly a woman grown, then, and I was a woman who had her children about her knee. I need your help now, if I ever did. My husband died two years ago, and all my children, save one—the eldest, Nathalie, now a girl of seventeen. And now I am dying. I feel that I can not stay on earth long. My physician tells me that the change may come at any moment. I have no one to look to for help in this hour of need, unless I turn to you. The memory of your promise to always be my friend came back to me yesterday, and I resolved to write to you. Will you take Nathalie? She will have enough to support her comfortably. Only give her a home, and care for her. Will you take her? or must I leave her to the care of strangers?"

This appeal, coming from an old friend, touched Alice Wayne deeply. Those to whom she gave her friendship once held it ever afterward.

She wrote to the woman who was drawing near to death that she would take her child and care for it as for a sister.

And by and by, after the change had come to Nathalie's mother, Nathalie came to her.

It was a warm September day when she reached her new home. Alice and Roy Carnovan stood on the veranda when the carriage set her down at the gate. An odd, butterfly sort of girl, dark and spirited, and full of fiery Southern blood they saw at once, the moment they looked into her face.

She ran up the steps to Alice, who hastened forward to meet her.

"You are aunt Alice," she cried. "I know, because mamma told me how you looked. She told me to call you aunt Alice. May I?"

"If you want to," Alice answered, but the title made her feel strangely old. She had never felt her twenty-seven years so much before.

Roy Carnovan's eyes were full of admiration for the girl, who was so entirely different from any he knew; there was the charm of novelty about her; of piquant originality. Every movement was as careless and full of grace as a bird's. She was evidently unused to the restrictions of society, and was, therefore, as artless and natural in all she said and did as a child. Indeed there was a certain childish waywardness about her, at times, that made one forget her seventeen years.

Her coming brought a change with it to Alice Wayne's home. It had been quiet and still there before. Now the girl's gay voice rang out in song at early morning and late at night. She flashed through the rooms like a bright little humming-bird. She was here, there, everywhere. Gay, thoughtless, vivacious, she made Alice think of a sunny April morning, liable to cloud over and bring rain before noon; for, with all the girl's gaiety there would come strange, restless, morose moods, when she was not a very pleasant companion. She was fickle and

changeable. Alice liked people who were steadfast.

Roy Carnovan came to Waynesford often, after Nathalie came there. The piquant, fiery creature interested him. He liked to study her. He had a liking for gaiety, and, in contrast with Alice's quiet ways, he put Nathalie's vivaciousness and exuberant overflow of spirits.

I don't think it a good sign when a man gets to contrasting the woman he is engaged to with some other woman. The chances are ten to one that he decides that the woman he is not engaged to is superior in some respects to the woman he is engaged to. It is human nature, I suppose, but I don't like to see it. He should make his comparisons before becoming engaged, I think. He should satisfy himself that he is, and will be, perfectly satisfied with the woman he chooses before he goes so far as to speak of marriage to her.

Roy and Nathalie were much together. Alice saw how intimate they were, but she had faith in Roy for a long time before she had any doubts of him. But by and by little doubts began to creep into her heart, no matter how resolutely she tried to keep them out, and a little doubt is like a little leaven.

And she had cause to doubt the faithfulness of her lover. He neglected her. He lingered at Nathalie's side, and came and went at Nathalie's bidding. When Nathalie was about, he seemed ill at ease; restless; lost; when Nathalie came his restlessness was gone; he found himself at once.

Alice had to acknowledge the truth to herself at last. This girl whom she had given a home to had won away her lover.

She saw that Roy chafed at the bonds that bound him, and she broke them in twain one day and gave him back his freedom.

"I was afraid you would repent the step you took, when you asked me to be your wife. You had not thought about what you were doing. Thank God, it is not too late to undo it. I give you back your ring, and—you are free!"

Roy Carnovan took his ring, wondering if this quiet woman had ever loved him. It was not in his nature to comprehend the depth and strength of a love like hers.

It was not long before Nathalie went the ring Alice had worn, and in the spring she became Roy Carnovan's wife.

And then Roy Carnovan began to understand what a solemn thing marriage is. He found out, when it was too late, that the woman he had wedded was not capable of making him happy. We tire of superficialities; and he found that Nathalie was thoroughly superficial. She had none of the deeper, finer feelings of life. She was all show and glitter. An ornament, whose novelty soon wore off. They had not been married six months, before he was thoroughly tired of her. There was nothing congenial between them. They had hardly a taste in common. When he humored her capricious fancies, she was like a pleased child. When he thwarted her in any thing, she was sullen and ungovernable. He soon learned that the only way to keep peace, was to let her do as she pleased.

He sees Alice Wayne sometimes, and he contrasts her with his wife; he knows now that he could have been happy with her, for she is not a woman to change like the wind. You see her to-day, and you know that she will be the same to-morrow. But a barrier is between them, that he may not cross—the gulf his own hands builded.

And Alice; she is not a woman to spend the time in bewailing what can not be helped. She misses something out of her own life that would have made it brighter than it is, and she pities Roy Carnovan for the mistake he made, but she has a life-work to do, and she does it bravely and well, and trusts God for the future.

Madame Durand's Protégés;

OR,

THE FATEFUL LEGACY.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "STRANGELY WED," "CECIL'S DECEIT," "ADELIA THE ADOPTED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

FOLLOWING A CLUE.

THE MAN explained that he had been sent in place of the gardener who came two days in every week to keep the grounds in repair. His name was Blair, and he had received his instructions from the gardener, who was suffering from an attack of rheumatism. It was late in the day, but if he could clear the vegetable beds before dusk, he thought to-morrow would suffice to put the flowers and walks into order.

Jean conducted him out to the plot of kitchen garden, where she was going with a great china bowl in her hand to gather late strawberries for dessert.

"It's not much that's to be done," said the girl. "The air is sort of bleak up here, and the old madame generally had the vegetables grow down at the village. 'Pear-d' as though she never could find place enough for her flowering plants, let alone cumbering the ground with kitchen truck. Been along with Cranston much afore this."

No, he was a stranger in the village and only took up the job for a day or two. Wasn't much used to the work and didn't know as he would like, but if he was employed there and in such pleasant company, he'd be a most willing to go into a contract and serve faithfully as Jacob did for seven years, if another seven weren't to be tacked to the end of 'em and he was sure of the reward he'd be thinking of asking for.

"Oh, Lor'," said Jean, smirking. "Seven year ax'ted nothing to stay in a good place. Folks often go longer without the promise of more than they honestly earn, at that. There's Mr. Johnston has lived at the manse for over forty year, and I was brought up in the service as you might say."

Blair had heard the talk down at the village as how the madame had left a little remembrance to all of them in her employ; very generous of her, some said, but for his part he didn't see as she could have put it to any better use. Some folks paid that sort of conscience-money for not being considerate as they might have been while they were alive.

"Oh, madame was always good enough, for that matter; she had odd turns and was awful set, but she never put upon us as she did on them as came nearer to being of her own sort. We might be the worse off for her loss, only that Miss Mirabel's to be the mistress."

Madame must have been very fond of

Mirabel to have left her the estate, Blair suggested.

"Oh, it wasn't left to her, but to Mr. Valere, on condition that he should marry Miss Durand. We all thought that it would be left to the other young lady, to Miss St. Orme, and no one knew till the will was read how it was to go. Madame had never been fond of any one unless it were that shy Ross, who managed to put herself into the old mistress' good graces; she was found out at the last, though no one knew exactly how. Anyway, there'd been a dreadful scene—so the kitchen authorities, none of them inclined to be lenient to poor Milly, had surmised—" Ross was sent away from the madame's room in disgrace, and so angry she was that she went a-threatening of the madame's life."

"Only an idle threat, of course," said Blair.

Jean shook her head with mysterious solemnity.

"Folks do say as how madame came to her death quite too suddenly; the doctors had their suspicions too, though they kept very quiet over 'em, and let the whole matter drop, which I say isn't according to the duty of Christian folk. Who's to know but that the rest of us, what a certain body might get a spite against, shan't go in the same way the madame did?"

Anyway, it was known that the mistress wouldn't have Ross wait on her after finding of her out, witnessing which, I was called to take her place. But the very night she died, when I was out of the way, Ross pushed herself into madame's room, and the next thing that's known my aunt, who is a housekeeper here, is a screaming out that the madame is dead.

"I know I shouldn't like to stand in the waiting-maid's shoes."

"But, lawk-a-me! It's a most time for the bell, and all these berries to be hulled yet. If you'll come to the kitchen when you're through, I'll see that you have some good strong cider from the cellar, Mr. Blair."

"I'd rather take a sip from those beautiful lips," retorted the gallant swain.

And Jean, with a coquettish toss of her head and flirt of her starched skirts, tripped away toward the manse.

No sooner was she gone than the gardener's substitute dropped the implement with which he was working, and vaulting over the low hedge, pursued his way under the shadow of the orchard rows to the thick growth of pine woods beyond.

Once in their depths a wonderful transformation took place. The slouched hat was flung aside, and the flaming red wig came with it. The violent application of a handkerchief saturated with the contents of a little flask from his pocket, removed all traces of the florid complexion. The rough coat came off, disclosing a blouse of light cloth beneath it, and there stood the younger of the two night passengers who had come to recruit themselves amid the rural sports of rugged Fairview.

He gathered up the articles of apparel he had just discarded, and thrusting them into the covered basket which was avowedly a receptacle for the expected spoils of the funny persuasion, turned in the direction of the village.

When Ware returned to the office after his visit to the manse, he found Mr. Thancroft waiting impatiently for his appearance.

The lawyer had been engaged all the morning over the private papers of Madame Durand, and among them he had come upon sundry receipts for sums of money paid to one Heloise Vaughn, and in the very bottom of the box was a letter, the paper of which was yellow and the ink pale with age. It was only a few lines, formal and business-like, acknowledging a favor from madame, and announcing the well-being of "the child." It was dated from Lyle Ridge, seventeen years before.

Mr. Thancroft's hand trembled with agitation as he folded the paper which had given him the first clue. "The child" he knew could be none other than the disinherited son of Jules Durand. His determination was taken in a moment, but he studied long over the best means of pursuing it.

Ware stared when his employer met him with a request that he should provide himself with a change of linen, and proceed direct to Lyle Ridge.

"I want to learn the present whereabouts of a woman named Heloise Vaughn, who resided there seventeen years ago," he explained. "You may have some difficulty in tracing her after this lapse of time; if necessary go further, and do not stint yourself upon the matter of time if you find any grounds to work up the search. I would go myself, but there is an important reason why I should not be absent from Fairview for even a few hours, and North can not be spared from his regular duties. How soon can you be ready to start?"

"In a couple of hours," answered Ware. "The sooner the better. I will supply you with the requisite funds, of course."

Ware took his way to his apartments to prepare for his journey.

"What does the old fox want of Heloise Vaughn?" he asked himself, as he sat about packing a small valise with such articles as he might need during a limited absence.

"How would he take it, I wonder, if he knew that I could give him the information he's after without stirring a step on the wild-goose chase he'll find it, taking his plan of action?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Thancroft, I could give you surer information of the whereabouts of Heloise Vaughn than you'll be apt to find by following her erratic courses. But I'll not throw away this rare chance for a holiday; I'll take the time to mature the plan which shall aid me in winning beauteous Mirabel; I'll spend my money as pleases me best, you old guy of a lawyer; and meantime I'll make up my mind whether or no to give you that same information regarding the woman, Heloise Vaughn."

"One thing is patent to me, that she has no desire to communicate with you; so now what croquet are you setting about to unravel that must needs have her at the bottom of it?"

In the hurry of his preparations for his unexpected journey, Lucian Ware utterly forgot the little gold-tubed vial he had commissioned Ross to obtain for him, and two hours later he left Fairview, determined to take at least a week from the irksome duties pertaining to the office.

It grew dusk without, and lights were aflame within the manse that same evening. The dinner had been delayed for some reason, and the party of four were lingering over the dessert, when there came a sharp double knock, followed in a moment by the tramp of men's feet in the paved hall.

Ross was in the housekeeper's room, trimming a mourning-cap for Mrs. Briggs. She started to her feet in nervous alarm as the door fell back and two civil but determined-looking men advanced to confront her. They were the sheriff of the district and a single constable.

The butler, uncertain yet of the precise nature of their mission, hastened with a troubled face to call Valere. And the little party just leaving the dining-hall came upon this scene visible through the open door of the housekeeper's room.

The constable with his strong hand laid firmly upon the shoulder of shrinking, trembling Milly Ross, and the sheriff reading aloud the warrant of her arrest on suspicion of having poisoned Madame Durand.

Valere would have remonstrated but protest was quite in vain. The officers of the law were quietly obdurate when he would have persuaded them to keep guard over the frightened maid at the manse during that day and night. They had received their instructions, which they carried out to the very letter, and never lost sight of Ross after the moment of their entrance.

They hurried her away to the conveyance which was in waiting at the gate, and those who had disliked and envied the maid were left overtaken with affright and dismay at the nature of the calamity which had come upon her.

She was searched, and the little vial concealed upon her person was taken with other effects.

And the vial, subjected to the examination of Doctor Gaines and its contents chemically tested, was found to contain a subtle mineral poison of deadliest power.

This much North told her in the hope that she might explain her possession of it in a satisfactory way, for when appearances were blackest against her the faithful fellow never doubted. But when she heard that, Ross closed her lips and would not utter the words which might point suspicion at Lucian Ware.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SATISFACTORY SOLUTION OF MR. THANCROFT'S PUZZLE.

WARE came back at the end of a week, and reported the non-success of his search to his employer. The lawyer was disappointed but scarcely surprised at this result, for he expected to encounter difficulties in the way of his object, which was to discover the sole descendant of this branch of the Durands to whom he was so faithfully devoted.

He put on his hat and went straight to the manse, revolving in his mind as he went the probable results of the caprice to which alone he attributed the perplexing conditions of madame's will.

The more he reflected upon the case the more inextricable seemed the tangle involving it. If the two young people married, the rights of their could have no claim whatever upon the estate which would pass indisputably into their possession; if they refused to marry, Fairview and its outlying remotest connections of the family that so long had held it, but the Durand name would die out—the proud race be blotted from the recording annals of the times.

Of the two it was infinitely preferable that the conditions of madame's will should be strictly complied with, but here again rose embarrassing contingencies. Valere had refused to wed Miss Durand when she was the presumptive heiress; would he be more likely to woo her now as solely the requisite of a fortune which once before he had not deemed to stretch out his hand to obtain? If so, would Mirabel—proud descendant of a proud race—stoop to ally herself to an obscure young man, worthy enough in himself, Mr. Thancroft could not but admit, but destitute of family rank, and doubtful even of his right to the name he bore—would she accept him now through the mercenary motive she had hitherto avowedly disclaimed?

Mr. Thancroft groaned in spirit at the discouraging prospect. He looked for nothing else than for these two proud young people to turn perverse upon his hands, and refuse utterly to comply with the conditions of the will.

One possibility which the lawyer had entirely overlooked might have simplified the state of affairs to a straight, fair course; but it never occurred to him that Valere and Mirabel might find some stronger bond to draw them together than madame's imposed desire.

He met Valere upon the threshold, and the latter turned back with him to the library.

"I want a plain talk with you, Erne," said the lawyer, seating himself. "Have you time?"

"I am at your service. My business is not so important but that it can wait."

"Where were you going?"

"To consult you in the first place. I have had word from the Winston tract; there has been a large consignment of cattle from the upper mountain regions, and Winston writes that he is prepared to make the journey to-morrow, devoting one entire day to the settlement of all the business, and return upon the following day—to be absent three days in all."

"It will hurry you," said the lawyer. "As you like about that, though."

"I want to know, Valere, what are your intentions regarding this business of the estates. Madame's wish that the marriage should not be discussed for three months' time was simply to make sure that Miss Durand and yourself should take ample space to dispassionately consider the proposed alliance in all its bearings."

"It may seem premature to press the subject home to you before the expiration of the stipulated time, but you shall have my reasons for it."

"I have begun a search for Jules Durand, whom I have always felt that madame grievously wronged. Lord knows, I try not to judge her too harshly, and in nothing else was she ever cruelly unjust, though often dictatorial and exacting. Ah, poor madame! she might have been happier if she had but beaten down that stern pride of hers and proved forgiving."

"There, I'm apt to wander when I come to that point; but, as I've said, I've begun a search for the lad—for Jules' boy. Poor Jules! I loved him dearly, as though he had been my own younger brother. He was handsome and frank, with plenty of the Durand pride and a touch of madame's own warwardness. When she cast him off, he went loose from all his old associations, and never knew—poor fellow!—that I held up for him through all. And now I want to show my friendship to the boy as I would

have proved it to his father had I been permitted."

"I shall never rest until I discover him, and if then I could have the assurance that there will be a place open to him in the home of his ancestors, it would seem less like sorry comfort I would be bringing him."

"I understand you, my friend," said Valere, with quiet gravity. "Had I been left, unconditionally, heir to the estates, my first act should have been to prosecute the search which you have instituted, and to relinquish his rightful inheritance to madame's grandson when found."

"In my present embarrassing situation I have no liberty of action."

"Do you mean that you've no idea of complying with the madame's wishes?" asked the lawyer, bluntly.

Valere colored, but answered with ingenious frankness.

"If we were both penniless, or both equally portioned, I could aspire to no greater happiness than the certainty of the marriage which madame proposed."

"I've found it quite impossible to be thrown into daily companionship with Miss Durand, to discern with every passing hour more and still more of the beauties of heart and soul which she possesses, and remain indifferent. But she is an heiress with her legacy of thirty thousand dollars and the Durand jewels, which are of fabulous worth, while I am merely—what I am. I can not help myself from wedding Mirabel Durand, and if I should be fortunate enough to waken any responsive feeling in her heart, I shall go out into the world nerved to bring success from the tough battle of life. I could not ask more of her than that she might wait, for in any case I can not accept the Durand inheritance."

"Then," cried Mr. Thancroft, springing up to wring the young man's hand in an ecstasy of delight, "there's hope that justice may yet be done. If I know Miss Durand, she'll be sooner won by your sterling honor than all the wealth of all the world. You are worthy of her, young man, and that is the highest praise I can bestow upon you."

"But, my dear sir," said Valere, smiling, yet embarrassed, "I have no certainty that Miss Durand can even respond to my love. I have fancied sometimes that she is not quite indifferent, but hope is always illusive. If I can win her heart there must be a long probation before I shall reach a position to claim her hand. I must work out, at least, enough of fame and wealth as shall not be unworthy to be linked with the pride of the Durands."

"And, meantime, Fairview and madame's other wealth shall go to strangers, and, for any thing you know, the true heir may starve in a hovel, or rot in a dungeon in expiating crime to which misfortune and necessity might drive him? Great heavens, man! what false pride are you letting take possession of you? If you love Mirabel and Mirabel loves you, why should you put your chance of happiness away from you? You are in duty bound to act in accordance with madame's wishes, and if you violate her trust you deserve to frustrate your own hopes, too."

"I have thought of that," said Valere, slowly. "But how can I ask proud, perfect Mirabel to become party to such a transaction of buying and selling as that would make her acceptance of me appear—if I should have that joy?"

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried Mr. Thancroft, impatiently. "I tell you it will be proof of greater nobility than a lifetime spent in the endeavor to win fame and fortune, as you propose, like a romantic young simpleton. Lord send that Miss Durand exhibits better sense."

Before Valere comprehended his motive or could prevent it, had he been so disposed, the lawyer rung the bell and sent a request to Mirabel to join them there in the library.

She came, stately and fair, and pure as a peerless lily, her face touched with the pensive, subdued expression which befit her deep mourning robes.

Valere felt that he could have knelt before her with the pure devotion he would have offered at a holy shrine; but the impulsive little lawyer, who did not see with the eyes of the infatuated lover, passed over his greeting with Miss Durand and broke upon the subject which was uppermost in his thoughts.

"There's a question for your decision, Miss Mirabel, and this selfish, ungenerous young Valere is throwing the worst of imputations upon you. He is proposing to leave Fairview, to violate the trust imposed upon him by the madame, and all forsooth! because you must needs be of too mercenary a disposition to take him poor in all except sworn devotion and romantic nonsense! He declares that he can never usurp the inheritance of the rightful heir, yet he is not generous enough to believe you capable of aiding to restore it."

"What say you, Miss Durand? Are you willing to marry this unworthy youth, who declares if the Durand estates were possessed by him, his first act would be to consign them all to the son of Jules Durand? Will you encourage him in such preposterous folly, Miss Mirabel Durand?"

Mirabel turned her dark, earnest eyes full upon blushing young Valere, and her glance was eloquent of approval and admiration.

"It would be a noble deed," said she, softly.

"Ah-ha!" chuckled the lawyer, rubbing his hands together in quiet glee. "Why, how sultry it has grown all at once! See here, you young people, I'll just take a turn in the open air for a half-hour while you decide this matter between you."

The door closed after his retreating form, and Valere stood before Mirabel with downcast eyes, mute and embarrassed. For a moment only, and then he met her glance with one of earnest, frank truthfulness.

"I love you, Mirabel," he said, the accents dropping soft and tender from his lips. "I am poor, nameless, friendless almost, and alone in all the world; but I love you, and if you will it, I shall turn my back on all Fairview and never seek you nor plead my cause, until I am able to offer you a home of ease and a name which will be honorable in the eyes of the world."

"Madame's will shall not fetter you, beauteous Mirabel, even to right the wrong she would not undo. I ask no answer, I exact no promise. I only assure you that my love is deep, and true, and strong enough to struggle against all odds, and to last through all time."

She took a step nearer to him, with a rare light sweeping over her fair, high-bred face.

"If I were penniless, you would love me all the same?" she asked, never doubting

the truth of what she knew his answer would be.

"If you were penniless, Mirabel, I would offer you my whole heart's love and prove it by a lifetime's evidence."

She went close to him and laid her small fair hand upon his sleeve.

"Then we will follow the line of our duty and be happier for having done so. No title shall stand between us, Erne."

There was no mistaking the tender lights of the deep dark eyes, the softening curves of the rare, proud countenance.

"You love me? Oh, Mirabel!"

His strong arms closed her in, and with heart beating back to heart, lip answering to lip, their betrothal vow was recorded—the register of truth between them until death was fixed beyond the power of coming trials to wipe it out.

Mirabel released herself from his close embrace and drew him to a place beside her, presently.

"Let me tell you what my sacrifice must be to leave me worthy of such devotion as yours," said she.

"Oh, sweet!" interrupted Erne, reproachfully, but she closed his lips with her dainty hand.

"Dear heart, I have loved you from the first, but nothing except your unwavering honor and noble resolve could have ever won me. I shall come to you, my love, without one single penny of madame's bequest. Will you not even yet disclaim such a poverty-stricken bride?"

"It is only you I want, my Mirabel."

"Then this is what I shall do, true love: All those rare priceless jewels properly belong to the Durand inheritance, and they shall be included in the assignment of the estate and personal property to Jules Durand's son."

"And the thirty thousand dollars, madame's legacy to me, I will make over to Fay St. Orme upon my marriage-day."

"And I shall love you so faithfully, sweet, that you shall never know the privations you are taking it upon yourself to brave," cried Erne, in a rapture of delighted admiration.

Their perfect bliss was alloyed by a reminder of terrestrial things, through the return of Mr. Thancroft in a glow of entire satisfaction. He had taken a peep in through the window to make sure of the state of affairs arrived at, and to him their decision was straightway imparted.

In vain the lawyer raved and remonstrated against the resolve which Miss Durand had taken. She was firm, immovable.

And, despite his annoyance over this, Mr. Thancroft seemed to walk upon air as he trod the steep path down the mountain.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 134.)

The Red Scorpion:

OR,

THE BEAUTIFUL PHANTOM.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TAILSMAN," "BLACK CROOK," "HOODWINKED," "HERCULES, THE HUNCHBACK," "FEAR OF FRANK," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

JUST IN TIME.

WHEN Lorilyn St. Clair beheld the fierce visage of her persecutor at the open trap, her fears crept over her, and she seemed riveted, as if by some wicked fascination, to her position.

More, the threatening gestures made by Carew told her that her alarms were well-grounded.

He was seeking her. By some chance he had discovered the secret room overhead, and was using it as a means of ingress to her apartment. Perhaps he had expected to find her asleep? If such was the case, what dire motive brought him to this significant intrusion?

All this flashed through her brain: a weakness of heart and limb, such as she had never felt, now seized her—the agony of a mind whose depths contained but one fearful surmise: this man meditated some foul act, and she, cowering involuntarily there, was menaced by a deadly peril.

"Make no noise, Lorilyn St. Clair. By the Eternal If you cry out, I'll brain you, without a chance for prayers!"

The horrible words aroused her.

"Vincent Carew, what do you mean by this?" she demanded, compressing her bloodless lips, though her voice nearly broke in the effort.

"Wait till I get to you, and you'll learn. Hold the rope, Dyke."

"Yes, master; I've got it tight."

"Back, Vincent Carew—back!" as he began slowly to descend, by means of the knotted strips.

"Back you say! Ha! ha! ha! my pretty bird, you mistake your man. Quiet, now."

"Villain! what would you—"

"Quiet, I tell you. That sweet mouth of yours may get you into dangerous trouble. But hold your tongue."

He was half-way down.

"What do you want here? What do you seek?"

"I seek you, Lorilyn St. Clair; and what I want I'll make known presently."

"Wretch!"

She gave the door-knob a wrench, and pulled with all her strength. But it yielded not. Then the truth burst upon her: she was a prisoner.

Carew laughed mockingly when he saw her attempt to open the door.

In another moment he dropped lightly to the floor.

Why did she not cry out for help, despite his curdling threat? Something choked in her throat. Her voice refused its office. Pale with a nameless terror, she gazed into the sinister countenance confronting her, and trembled for herself, as she tried to read the grim smile resting there.

"So, Lorilyn St. Clair, we're alone for an interview—oh, you needn't pull at the door; I took the precaution to fasten it, on the outside, before I showed myself to you. Again, I tell you to make no noise, or dread the consequences of such a thing. I am not to be trifled with," pushing up his shirt-sleeves while he spoke.

There was a sardonic gleam in his eyes. He drew nearer to her.

"Keep off, Vincent Carew!"—waving him back with an almost nerveless hand. "Keep off, I say! What is your cowardly mission?"

"I'll tell you that. You've made up your mind not to marry me—haven't you?"

"Before high Heaven, yes! I would not marry you—even if I dared."

"Dared, eh?"

"Vincent Carew!—hear!—I could tell you something that would force you to give up this mad purpose!"

"You couldn't tell me any more than I know already."

"Ah!"

"Yes; I know. You're my half-sister."

"Who told you that? Who was it?" she cried, painfully; for she had hoped he might never learn of their relationship.

"No matter who. I know, and that's enough," with a leer that distorted his face to devilish ugliness. "But, hark ye: I've not ceased to love! Do you understand?—I've not ceased to love! Even now, I am on fire—I am burning! My veins are swelling with their heat! At this moment you are in my power! I am wicked—I know it; and I guess you've discovered it. With my wickedness to hide conscience, what advantage could I not take? Do you hear, Lorilyn St. Clair?—you are in my power!"

A clammy grasp was upon her heart. Things in her vision swam dizzily.

"Merciful Heaven, deliver me from this!" But, even the short prayer died whispering on her lips, and she looked at him helplessly.

"You love Oscar Storms!" he hissed. "But, you shall never be his bride, if you can't be mine!"

"Vincent Carew, there is murder in your glance!"

"You want to know why I am here? Listen: it is to make you promise—ay, to make you swear, that you'll not marry him—"

"I'll give no such promise!" burst in desperate accents from her lips.

"Beware!"—advancing another step. "You are completely in my power!"

He gripped the heavy chisel tighter, as he glared into the whitened face of the shrinking girl, and bent his body, as if for a spring.

"Beware!" he repeated, scowling blackly and hissing the words "at one blow I can take your life! Do not madden me; or, by the fires! I'll kill you!—I'll kill you where you stand!"

The iron that lurked in her icy disposition, now heated in the exciting sense of danger, shot its sparks to her tongue, overpowered fear, and wrought the woman resolute.

"Monstrous villain! would you dare to carry out that diabolical threat?"

"Do not tempt me, then—"

"Back!—not a step nearer! Dread the vengeance of Heaven for what you have already said and done! Come not near me!"

As well command the shadows of night to cease their fall! As well warn back the lightning from its resistless course!

Deaf to her words, his eyes ablaze with the wild spirit which then possessed him, he drew nigher, crouching lower—evidently meaning to launch himself upon her.

"Your promise!" he cried, quivering with the passion into which he had worked himself.

Semblance of the man was lost. The transformation vied the hideousness of the outlawed prince of devils!

"Never! Never!"

"But, I'll kill you!—ha! you doubt me? Beware! Beware!"

The words were half choked on his lips. Suddenly, before him arose the ghostly Phantom, its beautiful face dark with a frown!

Lorilyn beheld it at the same moment. Backward he staggered, striving to shut it from his sight. But, it followed him.

Darker grew the frown on the brow of the strange apparition; and, from the air surrounding it, a finger appeared, leveling fully at him.

Even in the awe, the overwhelming feeling created by the mysterious presence, Lorilyn stood firm—for a second she struggled, then screamed, in frantic accents:

"There, Vincent Carew!—see there! Off, now! Will you obey that presence and desert? Is there no terror in your heart? You shrink! Be warned, ere you do more and worse!"

With a cry that was a howl indefinable, he sprang forward, through the apparition.

A convulsive chill shook him in that daring passage.

Half-blind, in a demonic rage, he defied the unearthly interposition, and gazed at Lorilyn in his vice-like fangs.

"No! No! No! Lash, grating and broken. 'I will not be warned by this, nor by else! Let Hades yawn upon the living world, and you, and me—I care not! Give me the promise! Quick!—I have no time to spare in idle prelude. Come! The promise!'"

"I will not give it! Strike!—murderer!"

The heavy chisel circled in the air. He poised the deadly tool above her head.

One breath more, and—

Something bounded in at the window—a form that shot across the room with the velocity of an arrow fresh from its bursting.

"That!" fell a blow on the head of the arch-villain.

Grinding a bitter curse between his teeth, Carew reeled away from his intended victim, the red blood oozing from a ghastly cut on his forehead.

"Cale Fez!" he shrieked.

The African stood there, calm yet stern.

"Yes, it is I. What would you do?—murder one who is helpless, and a woman? Bah! what cowardice!"

"Stand aside!"

"For you to take her life?" in sneering scorn. "Then I would be villainous as you."

"Do you dare to brave me? Satan seize you! Perdition sink—"

"Stay!"—with a motion of the hand. "Spare yourself a waste of words. You have no time for a quarrel with me—"

"By the devils below! I have, though, as you shall see!" snarled the baffled assassin, darting forward with upraised arm.

Cale Fez caught that arm as it descended—turned aside the blow, as if it had been but the act of a child.

"Hark!" he said, "do you hear those sounds?"

For an instant, Carew's face blanched. He did hear. Numerous feet were tramping in the entry—coming closer, closer; exclaiming voices fell upon his hearing.

"What is it?" involuntarily, and in a startled whisper.

"They are seeking you," answered Fez.

"Master! Master!" whined Dyke Ronel, who was peering down upon the strange scene, "there's somebody coming. Don't you hear 'em?"

"They! Who?" asked the thwarted wretch, not heeding Dyke.

"Detectives," was the reply.

"Detectives!" he exclaimed, repetitions-ly.

"And more—they are from London. They are close on your track, Vincent Carew. Flee while you have time. I will not point out the direction of your flight. If you are wise, begone."

Without waiting to hear more, Carew bounded to the open window. At one leap, he cleared the sill, disappearing in the darkness outside.

"Lady, I have saved your life!" Fez said, quickly, turning to Lorilyn. "I ask a favor at your hands: say nothing of my having been here—"

The request was made too late. They who had approached Lorilyn's room did not pause to knock. The door was kicked from its hinges—three men strode in.

"Seize that man, Crash!" cried the familiar voice of Jack Stone, pointing to the African.

"We'll want him."

Ere Cale Fez could make a movement to escape, the arms of Crash Bolden encompassed him, like a band of steel, pinioning him tight.

At the same moment, an unmistakable noise arose upon the night air, and penetrated to where they stood.

A struggle was going on beneath the window where Carew made his exit. They could plainly hear the rapid thuds of smart blows, commingling with the pant of the combatants. And quick, breathless exclamations, with an occasional curse, told the progress of a battle to the death.

With one impulse they hurried to the window.

A slim, twisting, wriggling figure dropped from the ceiling, and darted ahead of them.

"Catch him, Jack!—catch him!" yelled Bolden, who dared not let go his hold upon the African. "It's that Ronel—son of the man Carew killed! Catch him!"

But Ronel, active as a monkey, swung over the sill, and vanished.

As Thaddeus Gimp dashed over the road at headlong speed, he suddenly came upon two men, nearly running them down.

"Down, brakes, partner, or you'll have a smash-up!" shouted one.

Gimp checked the horse with a jerk that fairly brought it standing on its hinder legs.

"Here!—I want you. Very men I'm after!" riding back to where they stood.

"Want us? What for?"

"To help me make an arrest."

"An arrest?" and they exchanged significant glances.

"Yes. There's been two people poisoned at Birdwood! And, I suspect, that the same party implicated in the murder of Cyp the negro! Hurry up! Come along!—it'll take all three of us to capture the rascal—"

"Lead the way," was the quick interruption.

The three started forward briskly.

"Who's the man? What's his name?" asked Jack Stone—for it was he and Crash Bolden—as they hurried along.

"Vincent Carew. Ever hear of him?"

"How's that, Crash?" exclaimed Stone, hitting his associate in the ribs with a fist.

"It seems to me that man came into the world purposely to kill people!"

"Yes, we know him well," Jack said, to the lawyer. "We're after him ourselves."

"So? Good!—very excellent! Hurry up then. What are you after him for, eh?"

The lawyer was astonished to learn that they had tracked Carew all the way from London.

His excitement grew intense. They could barely keep up with him, as he urged his horse impatiently.

Reaching Birdwood, they saw a light streaming from the window in the second story. As they approached nearer, Gimp paused and listened. He heard voices.

"That's him! He's up there. I hear him talking. Fly! I'll stay here—"

He was interrupted by Oscar Storms, who, observing them as they came up, now joined them.

"You procured assistance, I see, Mr. Gimp?"

"Yes. These gentlemen are detectives. They're after Vincent Carew for a murder done in London."

"Murder?"

"Murder, I said. It wasn't anything else. You see, he loved a girl there; had promised to marry her. But he threw up his allegiance to his affianced, and left her broken-hearted. She died from it. Her father sought the villain out, and threatened him with legal prosecution. Carew knocked him—the old man—down, with a loaded cane, on the public thoroughfare. The blow proved his death. The English authorities have sent for him. That's the whole of it. Quick, now! We're wasting time. You hurry up, and I'll stay here to 'cut him off.' Go!"

A servant, who happened near, overheard their words. In a brief space he had rushed to the dining-hall, and imparted the news to those who were discussing the recent tragedy.

Ten minutes later he was mounted, and galloping to the Red Ox, where he told of what was going on at Birdwood.

The crowd congregated there, eager for just such an excitement, as an outlet to their smothered ardor, at once started for the scene of action, headed by the man who had brought them the intelligence.

Anger, chagrin, desperation, fear—all these influenced the mind and body of Vincent Carew, as he made the wild, reckless leap which carried him clear of the window of Lorilyn's room.

His downward flight threatened a broken limb; but, he landed without injury—squarely in the arms of Thaddeus Gimp!

The unexpected collision stunned him for a moment.

"Ha! Got you, have I?" spluttered the lawyer, as he clinched with the villain.

But, Carew, besides being strong and supple, was desperate. His situation rendered him an antagonist of more than ordinary muscle. Bent upon escape, he hesitated at no means to remove an obstacle.

The chisel, which he had retained, now rose, quick as a flash, over the head of the man with whom he struggled, and descended with terrific force.

Only at the east of broken fingers did Gimp avoid the terrible blow.

With one hand disabled, he still fought, tooth and nail; finally tripping his adversary, and the two rolled over and over in the sward.

Gimp could not long stand the severe tax of nerve and breath. He was, already, gasping. Unless assistance came, he would be worsted.

"Help, here!" he called out. "Help!"

Carew was uppermost. His hands were on Gimp's throat, like the clutch of a giant, his fingers closed on the windpipe.

At that juncture, something shot out into

the air from above, falling upon Carew's shoulders, and breaking the latter's deadly hold.

A confused mass, squirming and wriggling, rebounded several feet, and Dyke Ronel whined out:

"Goody! Goody! I'm mashed all up! I'm bruised—I'm bruised!"

Carew recovered instantly from the shock, and, as several faces appeared at the window, he vented a blasphemous malediction on his enemies, and dashed away from the spot.

Dyke scrambled to his feet and followed him. His thin legs seemed to tie, untie, stretch, contract, like indiarubber, as he sped away in the tracks of his master.

And as he pressed onward, with marvelous bounds, one hand sought his bosom, where it grasped the hilt of a keen dagger.

"His life is mine!" he muttered. "I must not lose sight of him!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON, on, on, with the leaps of a hunted animal, sped Vincent Carew.

Across the broad lawn, and into the bordering forest, he dashed, anon casting fearful glances over his shoulder, to see if he was followed.

As he entered the shadows of the trees, he saw his enemies emerge from the front door of the mansion, and start in hot pursuit.

Foremost was Jack Stone, exerting his every power in the race; and, thorough Englishman as he was, used to those physical displays characteristic of his nation, he braced himself for the tax of bottom prospective in the chase, and bounded ahead at almost incredible speed.

He uttered a sharp, peculiar halloo as he saw his game disappear in the skirting woods.

Dyke Ronel had gained astonishingly on his master. The two entered the forest at about the same moment.

"They're coming, master!" he panted. "Here they are, right on our heels!"

"Why do you follow me?" demanded Carew, without even turning his head, and redoubling his efforts to elude those who were pressing him.

"Do you think I'm going to desert you, master? No, indeed! Wherever you go, I'm going, too—but faster! They're gaining on us. Jump, master!—jump! Don't stop!"

A felled tree lay in their path, its interlacing branches rearing upward almost as an impassable barrier.

With a mighty strain, Carew cleared the obstacle; and Dyke Ronel did the same, though with far more ease.

Within half a minute, Jack Stone reached the obstruction. Like a rebounding rubber ball, he ascended, passed over, and landed, without a pause, on the other side.

He caught the dim outlines of the fleeing figures. He glanced behind him. He was alone. His superiority as an athlete had distanced those who started with him. Continuing steadily on, however, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and muttered:

"If he shows fight, I'll dose him with lead pills! I will, by jingo!"

Carew took an abrupt turn when he reached the dense shades of the forest. He was making toward the road.

He had conceived the plan of reaching the city. Once in L—, a hundred avenues of escape were open.

As the surrounding country was strange to him, he feared he would get lost, or accidentally throw himself into the midst of others, who, apprised of his flight, would seek to head him off.

Hence he struck a direct line for the road, intending to follow along its edge as a guide.

Dyke kept close.

Soon they found themselves in an opening, where a full view of the road, in the direction of the tavern, burst upon them.

A terrible oath startled Dyke Ronel, as he forcibly collided with his master, who had come to an abrupt halt.

"Goody! What's the matter?" he blurted. "My stomach's broke!"

"Look, Dyke! See!"

Dyke looked, and saw, in the clear moonlight, a score of swiftly-striding forms. It was the excited crowd from the Red Ox.

It would not do to wait until they had passed, and then continue on, for, simultaneously with the discovery, in their rear sounded the crash of pursuing feet among the leaves and twigs.

"Quick, Dyke!—up a tree! Up with you!"

He grasped the low limb of a tree near him, and swung himself up into the leafy covert.

The action was none too soon. Jack Stone, going at terrific speed, rushed along beneath them.

The crowd in the road heard the noise, and paused.

THE DRUNKARD'S FAMILY.

BY GERALD SILVEY.

I'm hungry! Oh, mother, so hungry!
And I'm crying for bread,
Give a morsel to me and dear sister,
And then we'll go happy to bed.

You, too, are as hungry, dear mother—
Just as hungry as sister and I.
But I remember my cupboard is empty,
And we have no money to buy.

Oh, don't you remember, dear mother,
When father was kind and so good?
When we lived in a neat little cottage,
And ate of the nicest of food?

Oh, mother, no longer repining,
Let us whisper to Heaven a prayer,
That father may leave off his drinking,
And help us life's burden to bear.

Though our hearts are now full of anguish,
Our praying may not be in vain;
Kind Heaven may hear us in pity,
And make us all happy again.

Mohenesto:

OR,

Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk.

BY HENRY M. AVERY.

(MAJOR MAX MARTINE.)

XIII.—Indian Picture Writing.—Sign Language of the Red Men.—Chippewa Census.—Adventure of Carver.—Indian Letter Found at St. Anthony.—The Interpretation.—A Slight Mistake.—Biography of Wamogee.—Life of Wabojeg.—The Maze Stone.—Sign Language of the Comanches.—Signs in General Use.—Indian Languages.

The North American Indians have brought the art of picture writing to a high point of perfection. Probably one of the most interesting relics of aboriginal ingenuity and art, is the census paper of an Indian tribe. In 1849, a payment of annuities was to be made to the Chippewas and it was necessary that a census should be taken, so that each chief should receive for his tribe the proportion which belonged to them.

The census paper of Na-go-na-be, one of their chiefs, has been preserved. It had consisted of thirty-five families. The paper was marked off into as many small squares, in each of which was given, pictorially, the name of the head of the family, and underneath a mark for each individual of it. There was Wild-Goose with four persons, Cat-Fish with six, Beaver-Skin with four, Big-Ax with six. The Prophet with none but himself, Pine-Tree with one, Big-Horn with five, and so on; the whole number being one hundred and forty-six, each of whom, we trust, received a due quantity of blankets, beads, and the like.

Many years ago, certain Indians living near Lake Superior forwarded to the President a petition for the right to three small lakes. This document represents seven chiefs, each of them indicated by his *totem*, or family name. The foremost or principal chief is a crane, then followed three martins, a beaver, a man-fish—denoted by a figure having the head, body, arms and legs of a man, with the tail of a cat-fish—and a cat-fish. The eyes and heart of each follower are connected by a cord with those of the crane, indicating that all felt and saw alike. They are advancing along a large river, from which a tributary branches off. Between the two rivers are represented a chain of three lakes. From the lakes to the eye of the crane runs a line which is prolonged in the direction of the march—that is, toward Washington, where it is supposed to meet the eye of the President.

All this the Indians read, and doubtless presumed the great father could read, thus: "We the undersigned, A. Crane, A. Martin, B. Martin, C. Martin, D. Martin, A. Beaver, A. Manfish, and A. Catfish, do, severally and collectively, look to our great father to grant us three lakes, which our great father can see as well as we."

Carver, an old traveler, relates that in company with a French *voyageur* and a Chippewa guide, he was approaching the grounds of the Naudowessies, a tribe hostile to the Chippewas, but friendly to the English. The guide, before going on, resolved to send a letter to the Naudowessie chief, explaining the reason of his coming, and demanding a safe conduct. Having stripped off a piece of bark from a tree, and mixing some powdered charcoal with bear's grease, he proceeded to indite his letter. He drew a recognizable picture of a village of the neutral tribe of the Ottawagans. Near it he made the figure of a man dressed in skins, the recognized symbol of the Naudowessies, and a deer, the symbol of the Chippewas. A line passed from the mouth of the man to the ear of the deer. Beyond was a canoe, in which was a man with a hat, and another with a handkerchief tied around his head, rowing the canoe, which was decorated with the pipe of peace. All this signified as plainly as though written out in words, that at the Ottawagan village a Chippewa chief had been requested by a Naudowessie chief to conduct an Englishman and a French *voyageur* up the river, that the errand was a peaceful one, and, therefore, that the guide, though an avowed enemy to the tribe, claimed a safe passage.

In 1820, a letter, written on birch bark, was found above the Falls of St. Anthony, near where a United States military post had been established. In the left corner was depicted a fort with a flag flying, and above it an eagle outspread. This clearly denoted that the flag belonged to the United States. Three rows of Indian lodges were drawn, a chief standing at the foot of each row. A dog near one of these chiefs showed that this was Wa-bed-a-tunka, or Black Dog, a Sioux chief, well known to the Chippewas of that region. Another of the chiefs had by his side a bale of goods. At the head of the line of lodges was the commander of the post, with military hat and drawn sword, and a chief, the large medal upon whose breast and his position by the side of the American officer denoted that he, Chak-o-pee, was the leading Sioux chief.

This letter was picked up by the Chippewa chief for whom it was intended, who read it without difficulty, thus: "Chak-o-pee and Col. Leavenworth have come to this place, bringing with them goods furnished by the American government, for the purpose of making peace between the Sioux and the Chippewas. There are three bands of the Sioux, consisting of forty-one lodges. One of the chiefs is Black Dog, whom you know."

On one occasion, an exploring party, with two guides, set out on an expedition. They had not gone far when they found on a pole a piece of bark, giving an account of their recent proceedings. Two lines of men were represented. They were on the march, their backs being toward the spectator. In

the front line were seven soldiers. To make it clear that they were soldiers, they were provided with muskets; but as the writer, or rather printer, could not well show the muskets in the hands of the soldiers, whose backs were toward him, he had placed them together at the end of the line. In his haste he made one musket too many. In the second line are the commander of the party, with the military hat and sword; then his secretary, with a book; then the geologist, with a hammer; then another, who cannot be clearly made out; then three wear citizens' hats. Then comes one with military hat and a weapon, then the interpreter, with a high hat, and still further to denote his non-military character, he carries his weapon in his left hand. Then follow two armed Indian guides, one looking forward in the direction of the march, the other backward. Near each company are the remains of a fire, indicating that they had formed separate messes. At the bottom of the picture, clearly drawn, are a tortoise and a prairie-hen, and beside them a fire upon which they are faintly sketched. In the upper corner is an eagle flying. This letter had evidently been left at the camp by some vigilant scout, for the information of his tribe, while he kept further watch upon the party. It is easily read: "The American party has just left. There are seven soldiers, besides the two guides, and six other persons, as you will see. They had two campfires last night. They caught yesterday a tortoise and a prairie-hen, which they roasted and ate. The pole upon which this is placed leans in the direction which they have gone. The three notches in it indicate the number of days' march they propose to make."

I have another Indian document, which contains a sort of biography of Wamogee, a famous Delaware chief. At the left upper corner is a turtle. This is the totem of his tribe—his surname, in fact. Then his own personal hieroglyphic, then the face of the sun, with eyes wide open, indicating that he was wide awake—that is, on the war-path—and beneath it ten marks, indicating so many expeditions which he had made. Opposite these is shown the number killed and captured by him in these expeditions. The captives are designated by having heads, the slain being headless. The women are distinguished from the men by a sort of tail to their dresses. The meaning can be readily deciphered.

Two of the expeditions were fruitless. In one a woman was taken captive, a man and woman killed. In the other seven, two men and a woman were captured, and three men and a woman killed. In the center of the picture are represented three forts which Wamogee had attacked. The small one was on Lake Erie, the larger one, with four bastions, is at Detroit; the star-shaped one is Fort Pitt, at the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers.

Near Lake Superior died, in 1795, a celebrated war-chief named Wabojeg. A board placed at the head of his grave gives an outline of his life. He belonged to the family of the Reindeer, which is indicated by a figure of that animal. It lies on its back, with its legs in the air, and there are three dots at the head, indicating that the chief was dead. Sixteen strokes at the sides denote the number of war-parties which he has led, and three strokes below the head signify the three wounds which he has received in battle. The figure of a moose's head relates to a desperate fight in which he was engaged with an enraged moose. Below are some hieroglyphics which we can not translate. The remainder reads clearly enough. "Here lies the Reindeer who killed the big moose. He led sixteen war-parties and was three times wounded. Requisite in pace."

Shen-ga-ba-was-sin, the "Maze-Stone," was a noted chief of the St. Mary's band, who died in 1828, near Lake Superior. His headboard narrates the principal events of his life. He was of the Crane family, as is shown by the representation, lying on its back to denote that this is a mortuary inscription. The six light strokes at the right denote so many war-parties. Among these is the battle of Moraviantown, under Tecumseh, where he lost a brother. The three heavy marks on the left indicate three general treaties of peace in which he had taken part.

Closely connected with picture-writing is the sign-language, which is especially well developed among the Comanches and Sioux. Two men, neither of whom understands a word of the other's language, will by signs hold a long conversation with the other.

I once had occasion to ask a certain question of a Comanche. This is the way I put the question: I pointed to the eyes of the Indian; this was understood to mean, "Did you see?" Then I held up all the fingers of the right hand, and one of the left; this clearly meant, "Six." Then, making two circles by bringing the ends of the thumbs and forefingers together, and moving my wrists round and round like wheels revolving, I said plainly enough, "Wagons." Then, putting my hands to both sides of my head, I signified "Horns" or horned cattle—that is, oxen. I then held up three fingers, and placing my right hand upon my lower lip, I signified "Three bearded men," or Mexicans. Three fingers passed along my own forehead could only mean three "white men," like myself—that is, Americans. Now holding up one forefinger, and afterward this finger between two fingers of the other hand, I indicated a man on horseback. The two hands being moved up and down gave the idea of a horse galloping. All this being put together was understood by the Indian to mean: "Did you see six wagons, drawn by oxen, with three Mexican and three American teamsters, and a man on horseback?" To each question the Comanche answered "yes," by holding up his forefinger, and then pointing with it to the ground. If the answer had been in the negative, the Indian would have merely shaken his head. To ask these questions by signs required no more time than it would have taken to have asked them in words.

The sign used by the Crows to designate their nationality is made by extending their arms in a horizontal position and moving them up and down with a "flapping" motion. That of the Flatheads is made by laying the hands first upon the head and then extending them in front upon a level with the belt, the flat or palm side down; afterward returning them to the top of the head. Every tribe has its own sign, which is easily understood and recognized.

Many learned men conjecture that the language of manual signs originated in the infancy of the race, before articulate words. Deaf and dumb persons from different quarters of the globe, on meeting for the

first time, converse readily by signs which seem arbitrary, but which must be founded upon the natural relation between gesture and thought.

There is the dialect of hands, arms, and legs, in common vogue between mountaineers and Indians. A trapper meets a dozen savages, all of different tribes, and though no two have ten articulate words in common, they converse for hours in dumb show, comprehending each other perfectly, and often relating incidents which cause uproarious laughter or excite the sterner passions. To a novice, these signs are no more intelligible than so many vagaries of St. Vitus' dance; but, like all mysteries, they are simple and significant—after one comprehends them. The only one I ever saw requiring no explanation is the symbol for Sioux Indians—drawing the finger across the throat, like a knife. It is an apt and epigrammatic delineation of their bloodthirsty character.

The Arapahoes or "Smellers" are indicated by seizing the nose with the thumb and forefinger; the Comanches or "Snakes" by waving the hand like the crawling of a reptile; the Cheyennes or "Cut-arms" by drawing the finger across the arm; the Pawnees or "Wolves" by placing a forefinger on each side of the head, pointing like the sharp ears of the wolf; women by moving the hand down the shoulder to indicate their long, flowing tresses; whites by drawing the finger over the forehead in suggestion of the hat.

General Marcy's entertainments, "Army Life on the Border," states that to ascertain whether strangers at a distance are friends or enemies, some tribes raise the right hand with the palm in front, and slowly move it forward and back. This is a command to halt, and will be obeyed if the approaching party be peaceful. Then the right hand is again raised and slowly moved to the right and left, as an inquiry: "Who are you?" The strangers reply by giving the sign of their tribe, or by raising both hands grasped as in friendly greeting, or with the forefingers locked together in emblem of peace. If enemies, they refuse to halt, or place the shut hand against the forehead, in sign of hostility.

All Indian languages are so imperfect that even when two members of the same tribe converse, half the intercourse is carried on by signs. Mountain men become so accustomed to this, that when talking in their mother tongue upon the most abstract subjects, their arms and bodies will participate in the conversation. Like the Kanakas of the Sandwich Islands they are unable to talk with their hands tied. Ancient history informs us that the Greeks carry on long dialogues in silence; and the Italians, when in fear of being overheard, often stop in the middle of a sentence, to finish it in pantomime.

It is related that a great conspiracy on the Mediterranean was organized not only without vocal utterance, but by facial signs, without employing the hands at all. How much more expressive than spoken words is a shrug of the shoulders, a scowl, or the turning up of the nose! The supple tongue may deceive; but few can discipline the expression of the face into a persistent falsehood, and no man can tell a lie—an absolute, unmitigated lie—with his eyes. If closely and steadily watched they will reveal the truth, be it love or hate or indifference.

No two Indian tribes speak the same language, although they are sometimes so near alike as to render it easy for them to understand each other. The Esquimaux of the far North speak in a very mixed guttural jargon, more resembling the Russian language than any other. In Oregon, Idaho, and Montana, there are nearly a hundred Indian tribes, each speaking a different language; but there exists among the Indians of the northern Pacific slope a strange patois, better known as the "Chinook jargon," which all of the Indians, and nearly all of the whites understand.

In all Indian languages the same word is either a noun or a verb, according as they precede or follow a sentence; thus, the Chinook "Ni-wa-wa"—"I speak," or "My word."

I present a few proper names and common terms of several Indian languages; also of the Chinook "jargon."

Scarlet cloth, Be-has-i-pe-hish-a. Child, Bar-car-ta. Powder, Sach-o-pach. Brave, Skookum-tum-tum. Rocky Mountains, Ama-ha-bas. Bell, ting-ting. Boil, lip-lip. Six, Chak-o-pee. (Sioux.) Medicine, Bar-chik. Par-chik. Bobtail-horse, Shas-ka-o-hush-a. No, Cowin. A woman's dress, O-mo-ga. Charge, Hoo-k-i-l. Big Bowl, Bat-te-sar-sh. Money, Kosh-pope. Child, Chook-shie. (Sioux.) Awkward, No hands. Deaf, no ear-holes. Heavy Shield, As-as-to. Sunday, the big day. Gallatin river, the swift river. Rice, ant eggs. Long grass, Po-po-on-che. Day, sun. Snake river, the sage-brush river. Half, sit-cum. Great, Hyas. Sparrowhawk, Ap-sa-ro-kee. Salt Lake, the bad water. One, Ict. Iron, Chink-a-mim. Yellow Belly, A-re-she-re. Thunder, the clouds crying. Minne-wakan, bad water. White Rock, Im-in-i-as-ka. Red Iron, Way-aw-aw. Sacred Hall, Wakan-tebe. Standing Buffalo, Ta-tauk-najin. Little Crow, Tai-o-doo-ta. Winona, the first-born. Red Leaf, Wah-pa-doo-ta. Red Stone, Eyan-shah. Red Otter, Ta-zoo. Enemy of Horses, Is-co-chu-e-chu-re. Hah-zah-e-yun-kee-win, one who gathers huckleberries while running—a somewhat celebrated Sioux dancet, familiarly known at St. Paul, Minnesota, as "Old Bet." Rattling Runner, Rah-in-yau-ka. Silver-fall, May-sa-ka. Hin-han-shoon-ko-yag-ma-ne, the man with an owl's tail. Hole-in-the-day, Po-ga-na-ghe-shick, the once famous chief of the Chippewas of Minnesota. Crow, moxt. Three, clone. Four, lock-et. Five, quim. Six, tah-lum. Seven, sin-a-mox. Eight, stoat-kim. Nine, quois. Ten, tot-li-lum. Twenty, moxt-tot-li-lum. Thirty, clone-tot-li-lum. One hundred, let-tock-a-moo-nuck. One thousand, tot-li-lum-tock-a-moo-nuck. Iron Blower, Ma-za-boom-doo. Running water, Sepin or sepe. Guide or leader, Chin-do-wan. Broken rocks, Kaboh-bikah. Mendota, meeting of the waters. The Turtle dove is called the rattlesnake's brother. This is from a tradition existing among many Indian tribes that whenever the dove is mocked, or its mate is killed, it tells the rattlesnake, who follows and bites the offending Indian.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 129.)

A DIFFIDENT lover went to the town clerk to request him to publish the banns of matrimony, and, finding him at work alone in the middle of a ten-acre field, asked him to step aside a moment, as he had something particular for his private ear.

On Condition.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A TALL, graceful girl, with eyes as blue as heaven's arch, and a complexion like snow, with sunset tints reflected on it. Usually, very proud and cold—except to Herman Warren—now, pale with some kind of grief, that was making dark circles under her eyes.

Frank Darrel was looking at her, all unknown to her; he was wishing she were not his first cousin, and that Mr. Warren were not quite so devoted to her. And he was also wondering with a savageness in his heart, whether Mr. Herman Warren had anything to do with his cousin Madge's lowliness of spirits.

Then, with his usual impulsive way, he went across the piazza to ask her.

She started a little as he appeared; then smiled.

"Cousin Frank! I did not expect to see you."

"Is that equivalent to 'you did not want to'?" Madge, what's the matter with you?" He pitted her, for the hot, painful blushes swept redly over her fair face and neck.

"Why, Frank Darrel! what a question! Who appointed you inquisitor-general, pray?"

She was trying so hard to fight back the tears Frank knew were coming, by the lustrous brightness of her eyes.

"Madge," and Frank seated himself very gravely, and began caressing her chilly fingers, "my dear cousin, there is no need for that question, nor is there for an answer, because I know that Herman Warren is to blame, somehow or other, for the change in you. Madge, is it on account of him and Miss Forrester?"

His kindly inquiry, so far removed from simple curiosity, was just the one to touch her heart.

"You will think I am childish, Frank—I hate myself for such weakness, but—"

She hesitated, and averted his eyes.

"Let me finish it for you, Madge. You had learned to care a little for Herman Warren; and now, because he has partially transferred his attention to Grace Forrester, that little love and a great deal of pride has been wounded."

He spoke so kindly; and Madge, with a little sob, nodded her head.

"It is true, cousin Frank; but he never shall know it—or Grace Forrester either. I've enough common sense left to hide it from them, I hope."

It was a weary little smile; one that Frank Darrel could not resist—so he suddenly leaned toward her, and drew her face to his shoulder.

"Ah, Madge, darling, if you only cared as much for me as for him! Can't you?"

After a minute of silence, Madge lifted her eyes, very seriously, to him.

"Cousin Frank, I will engage myself to you, on one condition."

He started up, joyously.

"Madge, darling, will you? And what is the condition?"

But Madge was not smiling back into his face as he would have liked; but very grave, and pale, and heart-sore, he saw, as she answered him.

"I can not tell you the condition, Frank, and just the tiniest blush came to her face, and as quickly faded. "But, you will trust me, won't you? You know I will do what is right and just."

Trust her? Ah, wouldn't he trust her, with her fair, pure face, and tear-loaded, spirituelle eyes?

"My own little one, whatever the secret condition is, I accept it without reservation for the sweet sake of knowing you are my betrothed wife."

Very proudly, very lovingly, he took from his watch-chain a ring, plain and heavy, and placed it on her finger.

"There, Madge, and now will you try and forget Herman Warren?"

"I suppose you've heard the latest news, Mr. Warren?"

It was Grace Forrester who spoke; a stylish, elegantly-dressed girl, who was looking earnestly at Herman Warren with velvety black eyes, that matched in hue her glorious hair; that contrasted well with her scarlet lips, and clear white skin.

She sat, toying carelessly with her watch-chain; that is, apparently very carelessly; really, very intently watching the effect her "news" would make on Mr. Warren.

He looked lazily up; truth was, he was getting just a little tired of Grace Forrester, whose rare tropical beauty had allured him, temporarily, from little Madge Darrel.

Grace was so fond of sensations, and Mr. Warren was quite sure, by her delightfully mysterious air, that some fresh sensation was in store from her. Really, he did not care two pins; but he made a fair show of interest, left off caressing his long, yellow mustache, and asked what it was.

"Oh, nothing of vital importance," Miss Forrester answered. "Only a marriage engagement: Miss Darrel and her cousin, that handsome young naval officer, home on leave."

"Nothing of importance," was it? Had Miss Forrester only been able to see what was transpiring in Herman Warren's heart, upon her announcement! He hardly knew himself how he did feel. Madge—dear little Madge! actually engaged to that—that boor of a cousin! As if Madge didn't know the Bible—or some book, anyhow—forbade cousins marrying! He'd very quickly go and explain it all, indeed would he, and then when Madge understood there had only been a flirtation between him and Grace Forrester, of course she'd overlook it all, and he would make her promise to marry him; for, of all girls he ever had seen, Madge Darrel suited him best.

All these rapid thoughts to himself; to Miss Forrester, quite another thing.

"Indeed! Miss Darrel and Lieutenant Frank! A remarkably well-matched couple, I should say. Are we off for our drive, Miss Grace?"

So that was all he cared, was it? and Miss Forrester decided that, thenceforward, Herman Warren and she were as good as engaged!

"Well, my little fiancee!—what, not crying?"

In an instant Frank Darrel was at his cousin's side.

"Now tell me all about it. If it's a fellow who's offended you, I'll cowhide him; if it's one of your lady gossips, I'll—well, I'll have to invent some punishment. Out with it, Madge!"

How kindly thoughtful he was! but what an obtuse, thick-headed fellow withal.

But Madge, lifting up her face, whose tear traces were not grief-marks, resolved to "out with it."

"Frank, dear cousin Frank," she began, with a little womanly skimming, "you are so good, and you've been so good—Why, what are you laughing at?"

For Lieutenant Frank had removed his hand from her shoulder, and sat looking in utter amused surprise.

"I am only wondering what you're driving at. Never mind, little one. Go on."

"If you laugh I shall not make you my confidante. Frank—Mr. Warren has been here this morning."

And now, all over her face, the blushes were glowing; and her eyes were averted from Frank's.

By magic, as it seemed, the mischief fled from his face.

"Madge! he here—and has he robbed me of my darling? Tell me quickly—has he?" Lower bowed her pretty head; and her answer came low and murmurous:

"He asked me to forgive him, Frank, and I—I couldn't say no."

Madge looked at him now, as if to plead his sanction.

"Oh, of course you couldn't say 'no,' when he asked you to forgive him. Well, I see all the rest plainly enough."

He spoke very bitterly, and Madge saw his pale, anxious face.

"He—he—asked me if I would consent to—to an engagement, and—"

"And you couldn't say 'no,' of course! Madge, I am thankful the Ocean Princess is ordered to the Indian Ocean in a fortnight; I hope I will never come back alive. Oh, Madge! Madge! you don't know how hard this is!"

And he dropped his head between his hands to hide from her his emotion.

"Frank! do you remember the 'condition' I made once mentally, and that you promised to accept? Frank, I will tell you what it was now; don't look up, Frank, till I am through. The condition was, that if ever the time came when—when I found I—I loved you—best, you'd not refuse the love I offered you. Frank, I did refuse Mr. Warren—but please don't you refuse me, will you?"

Very rapidly she had spoken, and do you think Frank "looked up," or not? At all events, the delicious blushes on her face had not faded when, two hours later, her mother interrupted their cozy *tele-a-tele*, with summons to tea; and when the Ocean Princess sailed two weeks later, "Mrs. Lieutenant Frank Darrel" was aboard.

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AFTER THE BALL A GIRL'S REVERIE.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

He said my eyes were stars—how foolish of him!
And yet how sweet 'tis
He knelt—and then, those eyes being above him,
He stole their hidden secret—that I love him—
Making them meet his.

He called them—could he mean it?—"Living gold,"
These poor, pale treasures!
Others have named me "Snow-maid," shy and cold;
But what a warmth waked up, of love untold,
Neath his caresses.

How sweet it sounded, through the greenhouse bow-
ers,
That music near!
When we, both hidden close 'mid tropic flowers,
Whispered together, heedless of the hours,
For none could hear us.

And then our waltz, so passionately flowing,
Yonder and hither,
It seemed to bear us off in circles glowing,
Following rhythmic pulses, swiftly going,
I knew not whither.

I wish we could have danced for evermore!
At least I then did.
And yet the time flew on as ne'er before:
It seemed, ere I began to live, 'twas o'er;
And all was ended.

The band played "Home, sweet home!" we heard
the sweet
On easements patter;
We heard the carriages roll up the street:
The cloak-room tilted: the storm without, it beat,
'Mid horse-hoofs' clatter.

He whispered, at the carriage-door, 'mid sweep
Of rain, "Good-night, love."
The door was shut—too wild to think of sleep,
I sat there dreaming, through the darkness deep,
Of all this bright love.

He swore that I was his, to love no other,
In joy or sorrow;
And—oh! how I should love him, I shall mother—
Think on! To-morrow!

The Court of Lions.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

II.—THE BLACK AVENGER.

In a desolate stretch of country to the north of the kingdom of Granada, at the edge of an arid table-land, some days after the prophecy of the beggar astrologer, a party of horsemen drew rein at the exit of a valley, in the range of foot-hills, and gazed keenly out over the table-land, dry and dusty as it was with the intense heat of summer, and dotted here and there, at very long intervals, with a few nearly withered trees.

In the distance could be seen a second party, slowly advancing, and the gleam of steel in their midst, showed that there were armed men accompanying it.

The party in the valley were all Moors, picturesque and splendid in dress, and headed by Prince Hamet. The prince was mounted on a slender, wiry Arab mare, dark gray, with jet-black legs, muzzle, mane and tail, an animal well known for her speed and beauty, under the name of Al Kaireh, (the magnificent). Her rider was dressed and armed in the extreme of Moorish extravagance, his helmet and cuirass covered with gilding, the turban that surrounded the former, and which allowed the end to droop down the back, being of cloth of gold, while the surmounting plume was of Bird of Paradise feathers. His dress and horse furniture were both of Genoa velvet, sown with seed pearls, and embroidered with gold, while the hilt and scabbard of his scimitar alike blazed with jewels. Prince Hamet seemed to be resolved to dazzle the eyes of his fair prey, while carrying her off, and to exhibit alike his beauty of person and prowess in arms.

The other party, slowly approaching, was very different in appearance from that of the splendid Moorish. It only numbered five persons, three of them females. The three seemed to be a lady and her two maids, all attired in plain riding-dresses, and attended only by a single knight in armor, whose servant or squire was a Morisco, short, square, sturdy and weather-beaten, mounted on a bay Arab, of greater bone than usual. The knight was armed *cap-a-pie* in plain dark armor, carried a long lance, and rode a powerful black horse, showing Mecklenburg bone crossed with Arab blood.

"Holy Virgin, señor Aguilar!" said the lady, apprehensively, as she checked her horse to gaze at the glittering party of Moriscos in the distance, "is there not danger to be apprehended?"

"I fancy not, Dona Inez," said the dark knight, quietly. "There is a truce for three years between ourselves and the heathen, and they will not dare to violate it."

"But suppose they are robbers, Don Alonso," said the lady, turning pale; "are they not too numerous for us? See, there are nigh a score of them, and all armed! What shall we do, señor? Would that we had brought a larger party with us!"

The knight smiled gravely. He was a tall, powerful man, in the prime of life, remarkably handsome in face, with all the peculiar gravity and simple pride of demeanor that distinguishes the Spanish hidalgos. Don Alonso de Aguilar was counted the best knight at the court of Aragon, and was well known and dreaded by the Moors as the "Black Avenger."

"I can save the señorita further alarm," he said, quietly. "Since she was consigned to my charge by her gracious father, the Conde del Castillo, Aguilar is responsible for her safety, till we reach the castle. We need no men at arms to clear the way of a pack of Morisco jackals. Hassan and I will show you on the instant that a Christian knight and a converted Moor are able to scatter all the heathens in Granada, so they come not over a score at a time. So please you, if the señorita will rein up, she shall see it done at once—Ha! St. Jago!"

The last exclamation was caused by a sudden change in the attitude of the Morisco cavalier. Uttering a loud yell, they waved their sabers and broke into a wild gallop, bearing down on the Christians in a cloud of dust, with unmistakable hostility. Aguilar waved back the lady behind him with a gesture, picked his horse with the spur, and bounded forward to meet the enemy, reckless of all odds. As he went he slammed down the visor of his helmet and threw his lance forward, while Hassan, the converted Moorish squire, drew his scimitar, smiled grimly, and galloped off to the left of his master, to protect the ladies from being cut off. Over the black armor of Aguilar was flung a rich scarf of crimson and gold, the colors of Dona Inez, and as he neared Prince Hamet's party he shouted out his war-cry, well known on many a battle-field.

"Santiago for Aguilar! Vengeance on the heathen dogs!"

And that single cry produced a marvel-

ous effect on the Moriscos! They had not known, till they heard it, who was their opponent. Had they done so, they might never have charged, so great was the dread inspired by that single warrior, on account of his marvelous strength and prowess, and the innumerable combats in which he had been victor.

First one Moor began to pull at his horse, then another turned to the right, then more of them stopped dead short, till at last Prince Hamet and two more of his best warriors were left alone in the front. The rest huddled together, looking on and hesitating, to see the side to which victory should incline. Hamet himself was quite unconscious of this. His mind was full of the last words of the oracle:

"The maid shall belong to the brave cavalier
Who shall soar to the heaven that never sees fear."

Impressed with the idea of the necessity of reckless courage, he bore down on Aguilar at full speed, Al Kaireh, with head and tail up, snorting joyously at the fray. But the nearer he came, the less did he like the looks of the Black Avenger. The long, keen lance-point was held so steadily, and pointed straight at his heart, the black horse came so swift and strong, that involuntarily the Moor's heart failed. Almost in the moment of closing he swerved away from the shock, but swerved too late. The black charger swerved at the same moment, following the gray. The scimitar of Prince Hamet was waved in the air for a cut, but that cut never fell. For, at the same moment, the lance of Aguilar caught the Morisco under the cuirass, at the waist, and bore the unhappy wretch, impaled and writhing, over the side of the mare, while the black horse, thundering on with far superior strength, trampled down the slender

THE GIFTS I GAVE MY LOVE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

I gave my sweet a golden watch,
To mark the hours that pass away,
That she might see that life is brief,
And love me while the moments stay.
It told her of my absence, and
It told her when I would be near,
It was a gift a queen might wear—
In truth, so said the auctioneer.

I gave my sweet a golden chain—
The symbol of the chain of love,
Wherewith I was so bound to her,
Till earth dissolves and skies remove;
I placed it round her royal neck,
A tear stood on her drooping lash;
They said 'twas worth a princely realm—
I got it for a dollar, cash.

I gave my sweet a regal brooch,
Where diamonds bright in cluster shone,
To prove the brightness of her eyes
Could never, never be outdone.
How sweet they glowed beneath the sun,
Or sparkled underneath the gas!
The jeweler swore upon his oath
They were the very best of glass.

I gave my sweet a golden ring,
To prove to her love hath no end,
A burning ruby burned on it,
Yet it did not her cheek transcend.
They said 'twas wrought by Mr. Punk,
The finest work he ever did;
They would not part with it for gold—
I got it on a ten-cent bid.

My sweet, with all these jewels decked,
Ouviled the glittering evening star,
And all the maidens envied her,
And I was proud as any star.
And lest a thief should come by night—
Soft-footed like an evening mouse—
And with those jewels steal away,
I hired a man to guard the house.

I saw last night as I passed by,
A bracelet in a Dollar Store,
They warranted it to wear and wash,
Because it had been washed before.
I'll buy her that, if you could see
How sweet she smiles when I present
Those princely gifts, you'd surely say
I'm not the least extravagant.

forget the cold, cruel world, his pitiable condition—every thing save heaven.

Soon something touched his hand—something thin, and limp, and wet—a piece of paper. He picked it up mechanically and turned it over in his fingers. In the dim, gloomy light he saw that there was writing on it, and suddenly a strange, unaccountable desire possessed him to read the words that the paper bore. He shook the sheet from it, and crumpling it in his hand, struggled to his feet.

A long way ahead a lamp was shaking and trembling on its post, shedding a flickering, uncertain glare over objects for a little distance around which was lost in the darkness beyond. Toward this the outcast tottered. He steadied himself against the lamp-post and smoothed out the paper. It was an old envelope, half rent in twain and cast aside upon the street—a worthless thing, yet invaluable to the outcast, to whom it bore a promise. He held it up to the light and read:

"Paul Benson, No 103 Vine street."

"I have found it!" he cried. "One hundred and three Vine street. It is not far away. I need not starve. I need not die. Oh, God, I thank Thee!"

The outcast thrust the paper in his bosom and went on through the darkness. He walked faster now than before—he had received a new lease of life. Light was gleaming through the gloom, and he hurried on, little recking whether it was light or dark, calm or stormy without; for there was light within—the light of hope.

Half an hour later he was standing face to face with Paul Benson in the banker's sumptuously appointed library. Paul Benson was a tall, dark, haughty-looking man of five and forty, with a certain look of imperturbable firmness about his mouth and in his eyes that marks the man who neither forgives nor forgets, and who holds a mean action and its author in abhorrence. Not a cruel, calculating man, but one who is perhaps a little too tenacious of his opinion of right and wrong.

The outcast stepped forward, extending his hand.

"Stop, Claude," he said, sternly. "I can not clasp the hand of a criminal, though that criminal is my brother! If you have anything to say, say it at once; for I have little time to spare from my guests. We give a party to-night. So haste."

Claude Benson sunk into a seat while great tears chased each other down his face.

"Ah, Paul!" he moaned. "How can you wound me so? As heaven is my judge, I am innocent of the crime for which I have suffered—for which I have lost my place in the esteem of all honest men. When did you ever know me to commit a base act? And you have known me since I was a little baby—always since I was a little baby and sat upon your knee."

"Stop!" cried Paul Benson. "Do not add falsehood to base ingratitude and crime. As you say, I have always known you. I am several years your senior; and I lifted the burden of your education from our parents' shoulders, and when you were far enough advanced, I gave you a situation in duties apparently in a satisfactory manner, and in a few months more I would have made you my partner. Money was missing from our safe from time to time, and suspicion pointed to some one in our employ. One day Joel Redwick, the cashier, came to me and said that he suspected you of having taken the money. I was angry with him at first, but he soon showed me that his suspicions were not without grounds; you had been seen to enter the bank several times at dead of night. I did not expose you to the shame and disgrace of a public trial, for you were my brother. I only told you that your crime had been discovered, and, had you confessed then, and promised to amend, I would have given you an opportunity to have proved yourself again worthy of my confidence. But you did not do so. On the contrary, you stoutly denied, even as you do to-night, all knowledge of the theft up to the time of its discovery. Oh, Claude, I can not go further. I would not have believed that you would repay my kindness with ingratitude—much less robbing. Why did you do it? Your prospects in life were all that you could wish. You held a lucrative position in my employ; you enjoyed all the advantages of society; you possessed the love of a noble woman who would have made you a true and tender wife."

"Yes, Paul, you were very kind to me; my prospects were all that I could desire. As you say, in a little while I would have been your partner, and Mary Colby would have been my wife. Oh, Mary! do you too, think me a base, guilty wretch, unworthy the name of man? Before God, I am guiltless!"

He paused a moment, with his face buried in his hands, and sobbed like a child; but, overcoming his emotion at last, with a strong effort, he went on:

"Then you will not give me a position again among men, Paul? You—"

"No, no! a thousand times, no!" cried the banker, wildly. "What! place you among men whose confidence you would abuse as you did mine? No, Claude, I can not do it. How am I to know that you are penitent, even now? How am I to know that you have not spent the interval of two years, since last I saw you, in crime and debauchery?"

"I swear to you that I have lived an honorable life since last I saw you," said the outcast, in tones that would have carried conviction to a less implacable man than Paul Benson; "but I have been unfortunate. Sickness and want have made me the wreck I am; but never crime. I am not criminal, but very unfortunate."

"I wish I could believe you, Claude, but I can not," said Paul Benson, tremulously; "and I dare not assist you while a doubt remains as to your honor."

"I will go now." And the outcast drew his old cloak around him. "I am innocent. May God forgive you your base suspicions. He and Joel Redwick alone know who robbed your safe. You will know some time that I was never guilty of ingratitude and crime. Good-by."

Before the banker could speak or move, the outcast was gone. He passed out through the hall and was once more in the storm, which still raged with all its fury. As he descended the steps and stood once more in the wet snow, he muttered, half-despairingly:

"But one alternative is left me now, and that is death. There is surely rest beneath the ice. May God forgive me if I am doing wrong. I can not live an outcast and a branded criminal."

Twenty minutes later, the outcast stood on the ice. A great black hole yawned be-

fore him, and through it he could see the dark waters flowing on without a ripple or a sound. One plunge and his troubles would be at an end. He stood a moment, his pale face upturned to heaven, the storm beating fiercely and pitilessly upon it. He was praying: "Oh, God, receive my soul!"

The wild winds sighed and moaned and wailed, like some lost spirit, and then howled and shrieked like a maddened fiend.

"It is my death-knell," said Claude Benson, and he prepared to make the fatal plunge.

A strange sound arrested his attention. It was a cry for help. The outcast paused and listened.

He heard it again in a moment, sounding strangely wild above the roar of the tempest, louder and plainer than before.

"Help! help! For the love of Heaven, help!"

He turned and hurried away in the direction whence the sound seemed to proceed.

Two men were bending over a human being, lying prone in the street. They were rifling his person.

As Claude Benson approached, the ruffians ran away and disappeared in the gloom. He knelt down beside the fallen man, and laid his hand on his knee.

"Are you much hurt?" asked the outcast, trying in vain to penetrate the darkness and look on the man's face.

"I am dying, I think," he answered, gaspingly. "I was set upon by two ruffians, who knocked me down with a heavy club, and then robbed me of my watch and pocket-book. I tried to resist, but one of them struck me on the breast with a knife—and from that knife-stroke I am dying. Ah, dying, and with a great sin resting like lead on my soul. I can not die—I must not die until I have seen Paul Benson. I must confess my crime!"

The outcast dragged the fast dying man to a place of shelter, and then hurried out with what speed he might to No. 103 Vine street, which was all ablaze with light, and sounds of music and merry-making floated out and mingled with the mournful ones of the wind and storm. He flung open the door and pushed by the servant who opposed his entrance, and stood in the midst of the gay company in the parlors. The gayly-dressed belles shrunk back, holding their dresses lest they should be soiled by contact with his dripping rags, and their beaus followed their example, eying him superciliously. They evidently considered his sudden advent among them in the light of an intrusion; but he cared little. He forced his way through the crowd to his brother, who advanced, frowning.

"Why are you here?" he asked, angrily.

"Shall I tell them who you are—what you are?"

"No, no, Paul, waste no time in words. A man is dying and must see you before his soul returns to the God who gave it. Hurry or you will be too late."

Paul Benson waited no longer; but hastily providing himself with a lantern, followed his outcast brother out into the storm. They found the man still alive.

"Joel Redwick!" Paul Benson exclaimed, as the light from the lantern fell on the pale, distorted face.

"Yes, Paul Benson, it is I," said the bank clerk, in a weak, painful voice. "I have something to say to you before I die. I have committed a crime and driven an innocent man an outcast from the companionship of all good men. I, and I alone, robbed your bank. To shield myself I told you that the criminal was your brother Claude. Your money I can repay; but I fear I can never restore Claude Benson to the position he once occupied. I would that he were here, that I might beg his forgiveness before I die."

"He is here," said the outcast, huskily. "You have wronged me beyond reparation, I fear, but I forgive you, and pray that God will forgive you also."

"It is Claude Benson's voice," said the cashier. "Hold up the light that I may look on his face."

"It is Claude Benson's face," the dying man continued, "but oh, how changed. Want and suffering have done it—want and suffering caused by my crime. Clasp hands with me, Claude Benson, if you can, in token of your forgiveness."

The outcast took Joel Redwick's cold, clammy hand in his own. For a time there was no sound save the hard, gasping breathing of the dying man and the roar of the storm. Soon the sinking man spoke.

"I am going now. God forgive me and receive my soul. I have sinned; but—but—"

There was a gasp, a rattle, and then Joel Redwick's soul had passed from earth.

The brothers clasped hands over the dead man and were reunited. A year later the outcast was an honored and respected member of the firm of Benson & Benson, and the happy husband of Mary Colby, the woman to whom he had been betrothed before the bank clerk's crime cast a shadow over his life-path.



AFTER THE BALL.

The Bank Clerk's Crime.

BY MARCO O. ROULE.

It was night—a night of storm. The wild wind howled, and wailed, and moaned, and the frozen rain beat pitilessly on house and pavement, and on tower and spire of the great gloomy town, whose myriad bright, twinkling lights served only to render the unfolding darkness blacker, gloomier and more impenetrable.

The great thoroughfares, which, but a few hours before, resounded with the bustle and tumult of thousands of men and women struggling for life and position with the merciless world, were now silent and deserted. The ground echoed no footfall—no one was abroad. Even the watchmen were invisible, having sought shelter in alleyways and under walls, only looking forth at intervals along the somber avenue, and then going back to escape the pelting sleet.

A crouching, ill-clad figure walked feebly along his tattered garments half stiffened by the frozen rain and flapping in the remorseless wind, keeping close under a high stone wall, half trustingly, half doubtfully, as if he feared that, lifeless though it was, it would spurn him out again into the storm. At last the outcast sunk down on the wet, slushy ground. He was all alone in the world—all alone, and friendless, and weak, and poor; and the world is not merciful to such as he. Why not die? He would be found in the morning and buried. No one would follow him tearfully to the grave, and no marble would mark the spot where the outcast lay; but he would be at rest, and he would not feel the cold—he was so cold now!

And he drew his ragged cloak closer around his shivering frame and moaned out his despair.

"Ah, if I could only find where he lives," he articulated, in a weak, tremulous voice, "perhaps I would not have to freeze, and starve, and die. Maybe he would help me; but I may not hope. I have searched all the long, hard day through, but no one can tell me where he is. He has changed both his residence and his place of business. No, no; I can not, must not hope. I can only die. Great God, forgive me in that I have sinned, and receive my soul!"

The outcast cowered up against the ice-glazed wall and awaited the cold that would come to release his poor, struggling spirit. If he could only sleep, death would be easy. He closed his eyes and tried to

mare with broken ribs, and carried his master in triumph onward. As he went, Aguilar reversed his lance, tugging with both hands to extricate it from the body of the dying prince. But even his strength was inadequate to the task, so firmly was it fixed through flesh, bone and steel cuirass. With an impatient exclamation, the knight dropped the weapon, caught up from his saddle-bow the fifteen-pound spiked mace, wherewith he could deal such blows. When he turned to look at the rest, he beheld all the Moslem in full flight, save one grim old warrior who was closely engaged with Hassan. The two Moors wheeled about like hawks on the wing, never crossing their razor-like scimitars, but watching for an opportunity to cut at an unguarded point. Aguilar rode down to assist his squire, and the strange Morisco, hearing him coming, faltered in attention for one moment. That moment was sufficient for his ruin. Like a flash Hassan closed upon him, on the left side, and wheeled round the quarter of his horse. The scimitar gleamed for one instant in air. The next, a headless corpse rolled at Hassan's feet.

"Gladly, most gladly, Don Alonso," said the gray-haired Conde del Castillo, in answer to a question of the knight, in the grand hall of the castle of Requillo. "None can be found more worthy, whether in Aragon, Leon or Castile, than the bravest knight of all Spain, Aguilar the Black Avenger. May my daughter prove to you as true a wife and as brave a lady as her mother has been to me, and may Aguilar and Castillo, now joined, never know separation more."

And great was the rejoicing in Requillo over the wedding, a month afterward, of Aguilar, the famous champion, and the fair Inez del Castillo.

But, stark and unburied, under the summer sun, lay the lifeless corpse of the luckless Hamet, and the beggar astrologer chuckled and mumbled, as he counted his gold:

"The maiden was won by the brave cavalier
Who scattered the foemen and never felt fear;
While the faint heart that faltered knows never a
lier.
But is confined by wolves in the wilderness dear."

God is not only known by his mercy, but by the judgments He executeth. When He speaks in his wrath, He would have men hear—be humble, watchful, obedient, prayerful. He would have them at such times repent and turn to God. When His judgments are abroad in the earth, He would have them "learn righteousness."

Beat Time's Notes.

THE late hot spell has put me into such reduced circumstances that with both hands in my coat pockets I don't weigh half what I used to.

You might as soon try to make an anger hole smaller by whittling it down as to try to build up a good reputation on six drinks a day.

The young lady who occupied a young man's thoughts has got a new house.

My hair bristles up like a shoe-brush when I read in a late novel how at a parting the heroine's eyes followed her lover nearly half a mile when he meantly turned round and chased them back.

THE man who weighed his words is accused of giving short weight.

I WAS lately on a railroad which was so crooked that the engine frequently ran into the rear car, and the track crossed itself every half mile. The engineer laid it out by a braiding pattern and was in great straits.

SPLENDID rum—deco-rum.

ONE of my cheerful friends has such a bright face that it makes one sneeze to look at it; and it is not a face to be sneezed at either.

I WOULD almost as soon be struck by a streak of lightning as to be struck by a streak of bad luck. It makes one feel more streaked.